The Doctrine of One

Personal Encounters with Film, Art and Music

Michael Beckerman

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Contents

Acknowledgments vii

List of Illustrations xi

Prelude xvii

1. From the Monkey Mountains to *Pickup*: The Secrets of the Haas Brothers 1

2. Váchal's Nazi Bookplate 25

3. Schubert's Quintets, a Family Portrait 47

4. Leave Me Alone, or Dvořák's Doctrine of One 73

5. Shooting the Wild Goose: Klein's Terezín *Trio* and Freedom 87

Postlude: The Doctrine of One in Our Time 107

Index 111

To the Memory of Lenka Hlávková

'The white marble of the steps of the
Faculty of Philosophy. The scholar,
Lenka Hlávková, falls, stained with blood.
She came to champion higher learning and
was slain by a cruel murderer'.

Only a slight paraphrase of the dedication to Janáček's *Piano Sonata*

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Finally, this volume is dedicated to the memory of Lenka Hláková, a brilliant scholar and marvelous human being who was cut down, along with twelve other people, in the middle of her marvelous career by a deranged gunman at Charles University in Prague. Those lucky enough to have known her will remember her through her compassion, good humor, creativity and her welcoming spirit. Those who did not, will perceive these qualities and more in her work, which we hope will endure.

I have wrestled with the question of whether to put links to the various compositions discussed in Chapters 3-5 as I did with the film clips in Chapter 1 and the images in Chapter 2. In the end I have decided not to, for two reasons. First, unlike the Haas films and Váchal images, the Schubert Quintets, the Dvořák concerto and Klein's *Trio* are available in many performances on many platforms. Second, I did not want to focus too narrowly on specific examples, encouraging listeners to encounter the whole work as much as possible.

List of Illustrations

Film Clips

1	Hunkie (Hugo Haas) hears the waltz from the jukebox in *Pickup* (Columbia Pictures, 1951), dir. Hugo Haas (14:39). Duration: 1.23. © Columbia Pictures, LP1037. https://hdl.handle.net/20.500.12434/52137501	p. 2
2	David (Hugo Haas) stands by the window in *The Girl on the Bridge* (Twentieth Century Fox, 1951), dir. Hugo Haas (57:27). Duration: 2.10. © Twentieth Century Fox, LP1414. https://hdl.handle.net/20.500.12434/ee26ed59	p. 11
3	David (Hugo Haas) walks past a photo of Pavel Haas in *The Girl on the Bridge* (Twentieth Century Fox, 1951), dir. Hugo Haas (59:27). Duration: 0.12. © Twentieth Century Fox, LP1414. https://hdl.handle.net/20.500.12434/14368789	p. 12
4	David (Hugo Haas) walks past a photo of Pavel Haas in *The Girl on the Bridge* (Twentieth Century Fox, 1951), dir. Hugo Haas (59:27). Duration: 0.17. © Twentieth Century Fox, LP1414. https://hdl.handle.net/20.500.12434/ad9dac48	p. 14
5	Marvan (Hugo Haas) walks past a photo of Pavel Haas in *Strange Fascination* (Columbia Pictures, 1952), dir. Hugo Haas (31:49). Duration: 0.47. © Columbia Pictures, LP1946. https://hdl.handle.net/20.500.12434/69fb4e2e	p. 15
6	Credits for *Fata Morgana* in *Born to Be Loved* (Universal Pictures, 1959), dir. Hugo Haas. Duration: 1.16. © Universal Pictures, LP14408. https://hdl.handle.net/20.500.12434/f67e86e6	p. 19

7 Karel Ančerl conducts Pavel Haas' *Studie pro smyčcový orchestr* [Study for String Orchestra] in *Theresienstadt* (Schutzstaffel, 1944), dir. Kurt Gerron and Karel Pečený. Duration: 0.52. © United States Holocaust Memorial Museum. https://hdl.handle.net/20.500.12434/13664ece p. 21

Figures

1 Hunkie (Hugo Haas) hears the waltz from the jukebox in *Pickup* (Columbia Pictures, 1951), dir. Hugo Haas (14:39). © Columbia Pictures, LP1037. p. 2

2 The Czech Moravian Highlands. Photo by Railfort (2010), Wikimedia, https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Hulkovice.JPG, CC BY 4.0. p. 3

3 Pavel Haas, 1925, *String Quartet No. 2* (*From the Monkey Mountains*) (*II. Smyčcový Kvartet*), *Op. 7*, ed. by Ondřej Pivoda (Prague: Bärenreiter Praha, 2020). p. 4

4 Excerpt from untitled Haas work composed in Janáček master class, 1922, Department of the History of Music of the Moravian Museum, call number A 29.787. p. 5

5a Pavel Haas, 1942, *Al S'fod* [Do Not Lament], autograph, copy. Prague, Židovské Muzeum. Reproduced with permission. p. 7

5b Haas, *Al S'fod*, zoomed in. p. 8

6 David (Hugo Haas) stands by the window in *The Girl on the Bridge* (Twentieth Century Fox, 1951), dir. Hugo Haas (57:27). © Twentieth Century Fox, LP1414. p. 11

7 David (Hugo Haas) walks past a photo of Pavel Haas in *The Girl on the Bridge* (Twentieth Century Fox, 1951), dir. Hugo Haas (59:27). © Twentieth Century Fox, LP1414. p. 12

8 Marvan (Hugo Haas) walks past a photo of Pavel Haas in *Strange Fascination* (Columbia Pictures, 1952), dir. Hugo Haas (31:49). © Columbia Pictures, LP1946. p. 14

9 Marvan (Hugo Haas) walks past another photo of Pavel Haas in *Strange Fascination* (Columbia Pictures, 1952), dir. Hugo Haas (01:14:36). © Columbia Pictures, LP1946. p. 15

10	Darman (Hugo Haas) stands in front of a police officer resembling Pavel, *The Other Woman* (Twentieth Century Fox, 1954), dir. Hugo Haas (01:09:10). © Twentieth Century Fox, LP4395.	p. 16
11	Hugo (left) and Pavel (right) Haas, 1933.	p. 17
12	Pavel Haas, *Fata Morgana*, *Op. 6*, Anita Watson, Anna Starushkevych, Nicky Spence, James Platt, Navarra Quartet, and Lada Valešová (Resonus, 2017).	p. 18
13	Credits for *Fata Morgana* in *Born to Be Loved* (Universal Pictures, 1959), dir. Hugo Haas. © Universal Pictures, LP14408.	p. 19
14	Promotional poster for *Hit and Run* (United Artists, 1957), dir. Hugo Haas. © United Artists, LP8231.	p. 20
15	Karel Ančerl conducts Pavel Haas' *Studie pro smyčcový orchestr* [Study for String Orchestra] in *Theresienstadt* (Schutzstaffel, 1944), dir. Kurt Gerron and Karel Pečený. © United States Holocaust Memorial Museum.	p. 21
16	Pavel Haas bows after Ančerl's performance of his piece in *Theresienstadt* (Schutzstaffel, 1944), dir. Kurt Gerron and Karel Pečený. © United States Holocaust Memorial Museum.	p. 22
17	The Haas family (Hugo, Elka, Lipmann, and Pavel), ca. 1930s.	p. 23
18	Josef Váchal, *Šumava umírající a romantická* [Šumava Dying and Romantic] (1931), leather-bound wood engravings, Bayerische Staatsbibliothek. © BSB/ H.-R. Schulz.	p. 26
19	Idyllic image from Josef Váchal, *Šumava umírající a romantická* [Šumava Dying and Romantic] (1931), leather-bound wood engravings, Bayerische Staatsbibliothek. © BSB.	p. 27
20	Josef Váchal in the Portmoneum, Josef Váchal Museum in Litomyšl, https://lam.litomysl.cz/en/artist/327-josef-vachal. © The Brno House of Arts.	p. 28
21	A room in Portmoneum, Josef Váchal Museum in Litomyšl. Photograph taken by the author.	p. 28
22	Josef Váchal, *Ex Libris Dr. Jar. Polívka* and *Ex Libris Dr. Jng. St. a J. Novákovi*. Photograph taken by the author.	p. 29

23	Josef Váchal, *Ex Libris Franta Procházka*. Photograph taken by the author.	p. 29
24	Josef Váchal, unnamed bookplate. Photograph taken by the author.	p. 30
25	Josef Váchal, *České ex libris*, ca. 1939. Photograph taken by the author.	p. 30
25b	Váchal, *České ex libris*, zoomed in.	p. 32
25c	Váchal, *České ex libris*, bookplate, zoomed in and overlaid with relief map of Czech Republic (2010), Wikimedia, https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Relief_Map_of_Czech_Republic.png, CC BY 4.0.	p. 32
25d	Váchal, *České ex libris*, zoomed in.	p. 32
25e	Váchal, *České ex libris*, zoomed in.	p. 33
25f	Váchal, *České ex libris*, zoomed in.	p. 33
26	Screenshot of Czech auction site *Aukro* taken by author.	p. 34
27	Josef Váchal, *Ex libris Ruda Klinkovský*. Photograph taken by the author.	p. 39
28a	Josef Váchal, *Ex libris Karel Sedláček*. Photograph taken by the author.	p. 40
28b	Váchal, *Ex libris Karel Sedláček*.	p. 41
29	Josef Váchal, *Ex libris Vladimír Nop*. Photograph taken by the author.	p. 41
30	Viktor Ullmann, 1944, *Piano Sonata No. 7* (Berlin: Schott, 1997). Additional annotations by the author.	p. 43
31	Painting by an unknown artist, Quogue, New York. Photograph by the author.	p. 44
32	Victor "Victrola" model VV-IX tabletop phonograph. Photo by Infrogmation (2016), Wikimedia, https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Antique_phonographs_exhibit,_New_Orleans_October_2016_-_25.jpg, CC BY 4.0.	p. 50
33	H.M.V. table grand gramophone, model 103, 1925. Photo by S.E. Cook (1961), Science Media Group Collection, https://collection.sciencemuseumgroup.org.uk/objects/co117227/h-m-v-table-grand-gramophone-model-103-1925, CC BY 4.0.	p. 50

34	Morris Beckerman, ca. 1930s. Photograph the author's own.	p. 51
35	Bernard Beckerman and his Uncle Leo, ca. 1928. Photograph the author's own.	p. 52
36	Morris Beckerman, ca. late 1920s. Photograph the author's own.	p. 53
37	Program for Bernard Beckerman's funeral service, 25 October 1985, St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University. Photograph the author's own.	p. 54
38	John Saunders' tombstone, Norwood Cemetery, London. Photo credit: Bob Flanagan.	p. 56
39	Author's transcription of the main theme from Franz Schubert's 1828 *String Quintet in C major* (D. 956, Op. posth. 163), I. Allegro ma non troppo.	p. 57
40	Still from Beckerman family video, ca. 1956.	p. 61
41	Still from Beckerman family video, ca. 1956.	p. 61
42	Cover art for recording of Schubert, *Quintet in A major, Op. 114* for piano and strings (*The Trout*), Decca (1953).	p. 63
43	Manfred Clynes sentograph.	p. 65
44	Church of St. John the Baptist in Kněždub. Photo by Palickap (2013), Wikimedia, https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Kn%C4%9B%C5%BEdub,_kostel.jpg, CC BY 4.0.	p. 89
45	Entrance to Terezín. Photo by Andrew Shiva (2013), Wikimedia, https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Czech-2013-Terezin-Theresienstadt-Arbeit_macht_frei.JPG, CC BY 4.0.	p. 89
46	Gideon Klein, 1944, *Trio for Strings*.	p. 91
47	Fürstengrube camp fence and watch tower (1963), © Auschwitz-Birkenau State Museum, https://www.auschwitz.org/en/history/auschwitz-sub-camps/frstengrube/.	p. 103

Prelude

I grew up in the 60's and we did not much like authority. We did not like people telling us how things were and how we ought to feel about them. We did not like people telling us to cut our hair, or how to dress. And I suppose, from this legacy I have had a lifelong aversion to people telling me what is good, what is important, what is not, and then implying that there are a set of parameters which allow us to advance such notions objectively. All someone has to tell me is that a particular composer is "second rate", and an entire set of opposing arguments pops into my head. I used to do experiments along these lines when I was teaching Music Humanities at Columbia University. Yes, in those days we used LP's in class. I would covertly slip a Salieri LP into a Mozart sleeve, play it, and wax shamelessly eloquent on how extraordinary the "Mozart" was. I'd do the same thing with a Mozart record and a Salieri cover. After playing the Mozart piece I would use words like "second rate", "mediocre", "unimportant". At the end we'd take a vote and surprise: everyone preferred Salieri, thinking it was Mozart. The fallacy of "authority".

Figuring out what you like and why you like it is part of figuring out who you are, and for that reason I believe in fierce independence when it comes to apprehending what is important in an artwork, or what it all means. And happily, in this age of digital knowledge and artificial intelligence, the complexity of these questions still completely evades attempts to map them and render them discoverable.

In the following pages I will sketch out some ideas around these issues, using specific examples, but I will also be asking questions about how we think we come to know things, and how deceptive the process can be.

Bach in the Congo

My friend Kaori Fujii told me this story: she was coaching two musicians in the slow movement of Bach's *Concerto for Oboe and Violin*. Feeling that the playing was stilted, she asked the musicians—in this case two flute players—to speak about the music. After a bit, one of them said, 'It's a sad, melancholic piece. And beautiful as well'. The other had a different view: 'Well I see something much more vivid. I see… parents. Parents are struggling to pay for their children's school fees'. Kaori was fascinated, but not necessarily surprised, because the coaching session, under the auspices of Music Beyond, was taking place in the Democratic Republic of the Congo, and the two flautists were, respectively, a carpenter and an electrician. Both musicians in this case were members of the Kimbanguist Symphony Orchestra, the only such group in Sub-Saharan Africa.

Guy, the musician who spoke about melancholy, was impatient with his friend Guylly's reading of the piece, saying, 'Oh come on! Why are we talking about school fees?' Guylly went on, 'Well, that's the way I imagine it. Parents are struggling to pay the tuition for their children. They have done everything they can so that the kids can get an education. But then, one day, the kids told them that they decided to quit going to school'. At this point, several of the other musicians began to protest, saying, 'That's not what she wants to hear!' but he continued, 'So now parents are lamenting over the fact that their children don't want the education after all they have done to give them the opportunity. They are struggling to understand it, struggling to decide what to do about it… And they are asking God for assistance… That's the mood of this piece for me'.

How striking is the contrast between school fees and what one so often encounters in characterizations of the same movement as variously 'radiantly beautiful', 'flowing on wings of song', or even 'smooth and laid back'! In most serious musical circles, it would seem that associating the 'sublime' music of Bach with a mundane story about parents and children amounts to profanation.

Those issues are not easily resolved, but at the very least, Guylly's take reinforces a great deal of contemporary thinking about music's physicality and presentness: that it has meaning only to the extent that it aligns with some idea, some sense of our lived-being, whether we describe that in a relatively abstract way, or whether it engages a personal story. In Guylly's

ears the dialogue in the music amounts to a mournful conversation, a procession of sadness and struggle between entities that love each other; and a plea to god to help settle the situation. Of course, there is no more difficult thing to divine than intention in artworks; such things are beyond proof. The other musicians shouted down Guylly's interpretation at one point because they believed that somehow a more abstract, generalized (and possibly sanitized) Bach is the right one, and certainly the one their teacher wanted to hear about. Yet Guylly's insistence on local specificity imbues the sounds with a gripping immediacy and teaches us a fresh way to hear a well-known work. As an interpretive lens for the performance and the music of Bach, it reminds us how little we know about music, and how striking it can be when the views of those outside our circles are brought into the conversation.

Lumpers and Splitters

As you might conclude from the above, my idea of a paradise is one where people are free to explore their personal views of the world. And further, it is ideally on the basis of that individuality that we engage with each other (splitters). This does not forever banish the idea of a communal response (lumpers), but even if one invokes that term, that response actually begins with a personal experience rather than a communal one. Thus, I believe that because of differences in our background and our bodies, the way our eyes, ears and minds work, the songs we heard as babies and what we saw, our training, our momentary moods, the humidity in the room, the current political situation, what we think we know, and a host of other factors, no two experiences with artworks are the same… and all experiences should be respected.

You may be wondering how one could prove such a thing? And the answer is: there isn't any way to prove it; neither through neurology or psychology, nor through a thought experiment or critical theory. So, in effect, my thesis is a matter of faith, what might be called a particularist faith. But that is not even accurate; really, whether "true" or not, my study simply asks: what if instead of assuming some general human standards of judging art, we were to begin our inquiry with the assumption that reception is always at the level of one receiver, one person, and that each encounter with a work of art is, in fact, unrepeatable?

While this could be taken to the broadest possible level with human existence, in concordance with early commentaries on the Mishna that state that 'Whoever destroys a single life is considered by Scripture to have destroyed the whole world', I intend to focus a bit more narrowly on what I have already referred to as artworks. (As problematic as that term may be, I will avoid calling such things 'cultural products', which takes away their mystery, without which they lose much of their power.) And it goes without saying that, on the basis of my thesis, it cannot be clear what precisely an artwork is and to whom. And this book will not make much headway along those lines.

Images of Life and Death in B-Movies

My direct inspiration for these ideas about the sanctity of the individual response arose from my shock when I learned that the films of the Czech actor, director and writer Hugo Haas, have secret references to his dead brother Pavel, a wonderful composer who was a student of Leoš Janáček. This relationship is the basis for the first chapter. Many of the twelve B-movies Hugo made in the 1950's feature Pavel's image, his music, or other strong references to him in wrenching ways almost certainly known only to one person, Hugo. And for me this became a metaphor for a larger approach, which argues that that every experience we have with films, paintings, music, theater, dance, is actually as personal, private and powerful as Hugo's, and that all of our responses need to be dignified and cherished, especially when they differ from any notion of a generic response.

A corollary to this is that quite often, and sometimes unintentionally, so-called "arts education" has constituted a kind of well-meaning bullying, where one personality or group superimposes their experience on yours and implies that theirs is correct and authentic, in effect shaming you for not sharing their view. So, I oppose pedagogies and approaches that bully audiences, students, or readers into submission—including this one! And yet this book is not against education; rather, it views education in the broadest possible terms, recognizing that at least one of its main purposes is to respect, seek to understand, and even ennoble individual responses, rather than shredding them.

And finally, these thoughts on the validity of individual responses

are yoked to a more general belief that everything begins with a single human being whose life is sacred. The worst crimes against humanity have occurred when this is forgotten, usually in the name of a seductive ideology, or simply the brutal holding of power.

Words and Their Authority

In all that follows we shall have to deal with the reality that words almost always exceed the authority we actually have over whatever we seem to be speaking about. Words and phrases, sentences and paragraphs, make it seem that we know things we do not, and that we are more certain than we actually are. I will be making the argument I alluded to above, that Hugo Haas, once the toast of the Czech theater and film world, established his own film company, and that his main purpose in doing so was to provide a memorial for his beloved composer brother, Pavel, who was gassed in Auschwitz. I shall suggest that not only did Hugo "sneak" photos of Pavel into many of his films, but that Pavel's music sometimes makes a shadowy appearance. Further, Hugo writes himself into Pavel's identity, for example in his film *Strange Fascination*, about a concert pianist named 'Paul Marvan', literally 'Pavel the Moravian'; or into another film dealing with two brothers, only one of whom survives. And then there is the matter of symbolic ingestion, as in *Born to Be Loved*, where Hugo plays the part of a music teacher and pianist whose masterpiece is titled 'Fata Morgana', in other words a *mirage*. And we learn two things: first that Hugo himself actually composed this piece for the film, and also that Pavel had composed a wonderful song cycle titled *Fata Morgana*. While it is, more or less, my "job", to make this story seem believable and inevitable, we all understand that any collection of facts, artifacts, ideas and dreams of the past together never tell anything close to a single story, rather each concatenation of material could give rise to an infinite number of stories.

But in my telling (and I've tried to be fair and accurate) Hugo has created artworks where the most important things in them are known only to him. This has inspired me over the last years to think about other works and worlds where something like this happens as a means, once again, to celebrate and sanctify idiosyncratic and individual responses rather than those things we either think we agree on, or that someone has put a convincing spin on.

Canceling Nazis and Other Stories

In Chapter 2 I take up another aspect around the reception of artworks, something both time-honored and quite contemporary. There are times when some activity, fact, or event, which need not have any specific connection to a particular piece of music, image (moving or otherwise) or work of fiction, creates a kind of static between ourselves and the image, operating in a manner diametrically opposed to Hugo's sad and adoring memorials. In this particular case, it involves my gradual awareness that my favorite Czech artist, an eccentric and strange figure named Josef Váchal, had a period where he walked like a Nazi, talked like a Nazi, and made at least one bookplate that revels in violent Nazi imagery. I tell this story in Chapter 2 both because Váchal is a fascinating figure, a true original who made his own paper, wrote his own novels, and illustrated them—but also because understanding the relationship between artworks and the people who create them is ever-elusive, vexing and again, quite contemporary.

We are all familiar with so-called "cancel culture", and most of us easily can understand why you would not want to have anything to do with certain figures if you *happen* to know some unsavory facts about them; and of course, each person tends to decide this differently. But this raises more questions than it answers. Is this toxicity a kind of "forever chemical", that once decided upon, lasts eternally? The composer Janáček once marveled that in one of the rural hamlets where he recorded folksongs, a murderer returned and was completely accepted back into the village—he'd served his time in prison, paid his debt, and that was that. So how do we decide how to treat such troubling figures? On the basis of their "crime"? Does it depend on the political climate in a particular moment? And is our own sense of crime and punishment actually as individual as our response to art in general? And when we turn away from such artists, is it a matter of morality and ethics, or simply because we cannot stomach thinking about them? And finally, how long should the penalty last? Until our distaste wears off? Or again, do we believe in "life artistic imprisonment" for certain crimes? There are many reasons I do not want to "lose" Váchal. And the last question here is whether *not* canceling someone can be as problematic as the opposite.

Family Histories

I hope I have taken enough pains so that the reader does not think this book is meant to tell a story about my own response to artworks. My ardent wish is that the point that gets across is that everyone's response is special and deserves to be honored. However, in Chapter 3 I explore the role of Schubert's *Quintet in C* and also his *Trout* Quintet in the orbit of my family. From the time I was a boy I heard the tale of my grandfather, dying of arteriosclerosis at the young age of forty-two, listening to the *Quintet in C* over and over again on his deathbed. And I have a strong imaginary cameo image of this—he died several years before I was born. It turns out that most of the information, and the cameo, were wrong, even though the basic story is true. This leads to questions about how we access the past, and how fantastically difficult it is to really know "what happened" in any case.

My father adored the *Quintet in C*, and I often heard it played on the family phonograph, and so when my father died, also at the relatively young age of 64, we played the first movement of the quintet at his memorial service. As part of an attempt to recoup the experience, but also hear other points of view, I asked several of the musicians who played at that event in 1985 to talk about the performance and the work. I too try to write about the way Schubert's other quintet, *The Trout*, became a symbol of our family coming into the country, and how even today listening to a recording can bring me back to arriving in Vermont as a six-year-old. Here I touch on the work of Manfred Clynes, whose "sentograph" claimed to reveal, through finger pressure, the nature of responses to various composers. He argued that different composers had different "curves" which actually were similar from person to person, a belief I use to support the idea of unique responses.

Thoughts on Autobiographical Music

The fourth chapter looks at questions around music and autobiography, asking both whether instrumental music can tell stories, and whether we can attribute those stories to the self-reflection of the artist. Of course, the existence of self-portraiture in art and autobiography in literature makes a mockery of the idea that the "self" has no place in an artwork, but

instrumental music poses special problems in this regard. I try to answer this through an exploration of Dvořák's *Cello Concerto* which, for at least the first thirty-five years of its existence, would have been considered by everyone to be a piece of "abstract" music, without a real-world subject or a story. But starting in the early 1930's Dvořák's son-in-law, the eminent violinist and composer Josef Suk, began speaking to various biographers about the work in a way that combined specifics and vagaries. In effect, he spun at least a partial romantic story, leaving various interlocutors to connect the dots and make their own stories. For Suk claimed that before Dvořák married his wife Anna, he had been in love with her sister Josefina, and that he had written a passionate set of love songs, *The Cypresses*, for her. And it was probably Suk who also made Dvořák's biographers, and perhaps others, aware of the fact that the use of one of his songs from *Op. 83*, 'Lasst mich allein', was some kind of tribute to his sister-in-law.

Since then, the story has surfaced and resurfaced, rarely with much fresh evidence, but always with enough tantalising detail to suggest—bluntly put—that Josefina's role in the *Concerto* is rather like Pavel's in Hugo's films: a private secret that, for the composer, may once again be the work's true centre. Rather than simply rehearsing the evidence one way or another, I also ask what the costs versus benefits are when we listen to the work with such contexts in mind. Does background knowledge get us closer to the work, or does it merely offer another valid mode of listening? Conversely, might it become a dangerous distraction?

Music in the Worst Places

The final chapter takes us to a strange and sometimes awful place, the Terezín Ghetto, a special kind of concentration camp where the inmates, under certain circumstances, were allowed to create artworks. The focus here will be on a seven-measure cello solo at the heart of the middle movement of Gideon Klein's *Trio*, completed just nine days before Klein and thousands of others were shipped off to Auschwitz. I try to present the case carefully, noting that there are certain stories of those horrible places that readers and listeners, quite understandably, want to reduce to something manageable, let's say the twin poles of horror and redemption. What interests me here is, once again, not trying to prove whether this solo is Klein's scream of rage and terror or "just more

music", but rather how thinking the passage one way or the other can transform our experience in profound ways.

Klein only outlived his creation by a few months. How would we listen to it had he lived, and would we listen to it at all? The last chapter ends with a glimpse from a survivor of Gideon Klein's final concert, played naked for fellow prisoners and an SS officer. This because even unheard and invisible music can elicit those purely individual responses that I refer to as the Doctrine of One.

Codetta: Is There Any Such Thing as an Audience?

I am sitting in the Janáček Theater in Brno, Czech Republic, watching, or should I say, hearing, or should I say, listening to a performance of Janáček's wonderful opera, *Věc Makropulos*. Based on a play by the Czech writer, Karel Čápek, it tells the story of a woman, Emilia Marty, who has been kept alive for centuries through a magic potion and must face the question of what it means to outlive oneself. In this imaginary scenario, I am sitting in row eleven, seat seventeen, in the very middle of the hall in Brno. It's a full house. Around me sit 1102 other human beings.[1] In Row thirteen, seat thirty (that is off to the side) we find a well-known vocal coach, one of whose singers is performing the lead role. Up in the balcony, in row seven seat ten we find a student conductor, score on lap. Meanwhile, dotted throughout the hall are a costume designer, a set builder, two sopranos, a lighting specialist, a Čapek scholar, and gerontologist.

Let's begin: There I am in row eleven. Up goes the curtain. What is my perspective? Well, maybe instead of having "my own" experiences, I'm studying the audience members to get a sense of how they seem to be experiencing the overture as part of my preparation for writing this section of the book. When the opera proper begins, and the law clerk, Vítek, is on the ladder saying '*Nic netrvá věcně*' ['Nothing lasts forever']!

1 It should be noted that practically every source gives a different seat count for the theater. This is partly because the auditorium's capacity changed substantially over time: the theater opened in 1965 with a design capacity of 1,383, but a 2007 renovation reduced this significantly, and post-renovation sources give figures ranging from 1,055 to 1,155. I place my faith in the National Theatre Brno's own technical specifications page, which gives the most granular and internally consistent figure — 1,103 seats (592 on the ground floor, 446 on the balcony, and 65 in the boxes) — and is presumably kept current for the theater's own operational purposes.

I immediately flash to the grisly moment at Metropolitan Opera in 1996 where these words were immediately followed by the sound of the tenor falling off the ladder and, essentially, dying of a heart attack on stage. The student conductor knows nothing about this, but has noticed some discrepancy between the score and the performance, particularly in the matter of rhythmic subtlety. The Čapek scholar listens with some ambivalence: she is glad that Čapek's play has led to such a powerful opera, but is a bit jealous that the great Čapek is treated almost as an afterthought. When Emilia Marty comes on stage, her vocal coach is instantly focused on technical details, sensing that the singer sounds a little tight, while the costume designer is studying the way Marty's costume reflects the light. The psychiatrist and the director are noticing and experiencing entirely different things. The director has some doubts about the way the stage is being used, finding the blocking a tad clunky, while her husband is suddenly trying to imagine what it might feel like to be 350 years old, and how he might treat Emilia Marty if she were his patient. The gerontologist is ecstatic to be at one of the few great works that deal with old age, while those spectators involved with sets, lighting and even props see entirely different things as they look at the stage.

But really, is all that not a kind of exaggeration? Is there not, really, such a thing as an audience made up of normal people having normal responses—responses shaped by the artwork, an audience of non-specialists, simply listening or watching? Again, it matters whether one is lumping or splitting, but I come down on the side of a certain skepticism about our ability to generalize about audience responses.

While the artistic choices made, by conductors, directors, singers, and designers, may be attempts to push us towards unified ways of experiencing the opera in question, we still are dealing with a multitude of reactions rather than anything like a single response. The extreme view would be to insist that there are actually 1103 separate audiences: a collection of untheorizable singularities! And this does not even take into consideration differences in the training, personalities, age, and mood of the 1103 listeners, or dozens of other elusive factors: where they are sitting, the angle from which they are viewing and hearing the performance, who is sitting next to them, and so on. An analogue to this was supplied by my friend and colleague Chris Reynolds who found viewing an exhibition of Caspar David Friedrich's paintings in

New York a disorienting experience. He could not quite figure out why until he realized that, having seen the same paintings in Berlin, they were simply hung and lit differently, in effect creating a series of new paintings, themselves "created" by their new environment.

I suppose I can be accused of setting up these thought experiments to validate my own view that notions of "an audience"—if by that we mean a group of people ostensibly having the same experience—are overrated, and that singularities are the way to go. Having said that, this experiment does not deny the possibility and the reality that between the viewers of any spectacle there may be moments of communal experience. When, at the end of a performance, an audience (all too rarely) leaps to their feet "as if one", it would be silly to deny that there is a collective response (more often I think, a few spectators stand, and the rest grudgingly follow so they can see the performers). For the most part, though, these moments are rarer than we think, and the reactions and responses are more varied than we can even imagine.

And of course, there are other ways to narrow the range of responses to Janáček's opera: a particularly athletic sexual rendering of the scene between Marty and Hauk, one of her old lovers, in Act 2; a gunshot in Act 3; or a spectacular fire at the end of the opera (as was created by designer Patton Campbell in the 1970 New York City Opera production) may create a more unified response in the short term. But at the end, in the end… well, there really is no end. Because even if, by some miracle, all 1103 responses to *Makropolus* were the same, once the opera concludes on stage, its various strands will be put together by our spectators in an infinite number of ways, as the afterimage of the work continues to unfold in their varied imaginations in the moments, hours, days and weeks after the curtain comes down.

Maybe the best way to put it is like this: in a magic show, everyone sees the bunny rabbit vanish and everyone experiences the same illusion; in a music show, not so much.

Brooklyn, New York/Beverly Hills, Los Angeles
May 14, 2026

1. From the Monkey Mountains to *Pickup*: The Secrets of the Haas Brothers

Pickup (1951) is the first, and among the most lurid of the twelve B-movie films to come out of Hugo Haas' film studio. Haas, the producer, director, writer, and star of the movie, plays a lonely widower (Hunkie, in a reference to his Bohemian origins) who works in an isolated old house in the middle of the desert as a train dispatcher. One day, he goes to town to buy a dog and is "picked up" by an attractive young woman at the town carnival. He begins to get attached to her, oblivious to the fact that she is, in fact, a "hard-boiled blonde" type, only interested in his money. They go into a diner, grab a booth, and that's when this scene begins. The "blonde" asks Hunkie for a nickel and says, 'Now you're going to hear something'. She puts a coin in the jukebox and something emerges that never, ever would have come out of a jukebox: a Viennese-style waltz begins to play. Hunkie listens for a moment and then his features start to contort. A combination of whistling and static almost drowns out the music. He puts his hands over his ears and then puts his head down. She says, with some concern, 'Hey, what's going on?' After a moment or two Hunkie lifts his head and says, 'What happened?' and stumbles out of the diner.

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Fig. 1 Hunkie (Hugo Haas) hears the waltz from the jukebox in *Pickup* (Columbia Pictures, 1951), dir. Hugo Haas (14:39). © Columbia Pictures, LP1037.

Ord. 1 Hunkie (Hugo Haas) hears the waltz from the jukebox in *Pickup* (Columbia Pictures, 1951), dir. Hugo Haas (14:39). Duration: 1.23. © Columbia Pictures, LP1037. https://hdl.handle.net/20.500.12434/52137501

In order to best explore this strange moment, and understand why the character, and Hugo, reacted in such a tumultuous way to what sounds like a charming waltz, we have to travel back almost three decades from this 1951 noir film, and occupy ourselves with certain biographical and musical details relating to Hugo and his older brother, the composer Pavel Haas.

* * * * *

With their combination of rolling hills, small villages and green fields the Czech Moravian Highlands are a kind of paradise, and one part of it is known in the local Brno dialect as the 'Monkey Mountains'.

Fig. 2 The Czech Moravian Highlands. Photo by Railfort (2010), Wikimedia, https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Hulkovice.JPG, CC BY 4.0.

Hugo Haas' older brother Pavel had a memorable sojourn there in the early 1920's and recalled his time, not in a travel diary, but in his second string quartet, subtitled 'From the Monkey Mountains'.[1] In the middle of the finale—a rollicking movement with obligato percussion titled 'A Wild Night'—there is a sudden interruption as everything comes to a complete halt.[2] In some recordings the silence, marked

1 In his biography of Haas, Lubomir Peduzzi thinks the year must have been 1924. While this date is most likely, there is no firm evidence to suport it. See Peduzzi, *Pavel Haas: Život a dílo skladatele* [The Life and Work of the Composer] (Brno: Museum and Local History Society in Brno, 1993); trans. Thomas Mandl, *Pavel Haas: Leben und Werk des Komponisten* (Hamburg: Bockel Verlag, 1996).

2 Pavel Haas, 1925, *String Quartet No. 2* (*From the Monkey Mountains*) (*II. Smyccovy*

with a G.P. (Grand Pause) in the score, lasts as long as ten seconds. When the piece resumes, the percussion has vanished, and we hear the now-muted strings intone a simple slow song in Moravian folk style, the first violin and cello in octaves with spicy intervals in the other instruments.
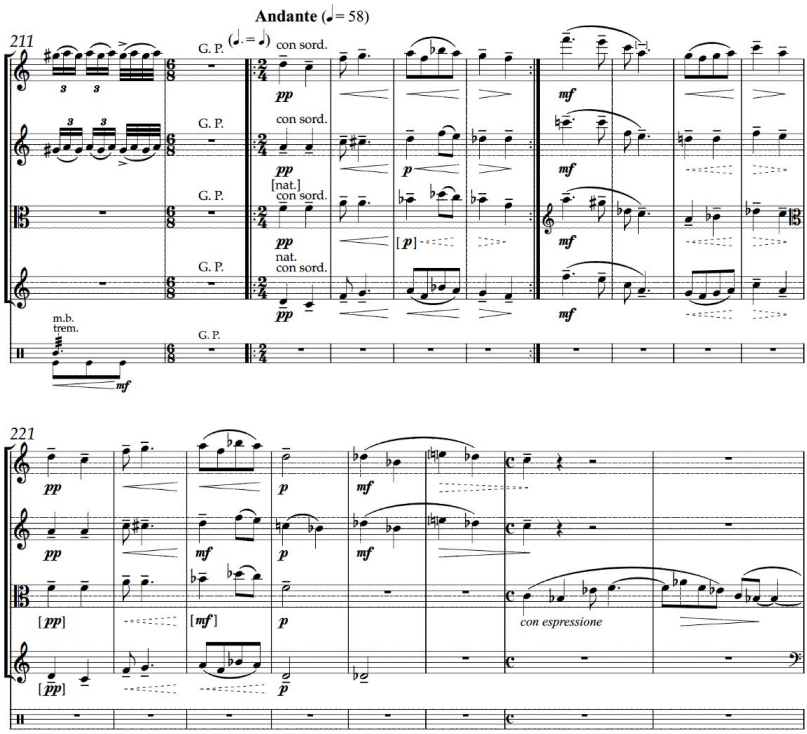
Fig. 3 Pavel Haas, 1925, *String Quartet No. 2* (*From the Monkey Mountains*) (*II. Smyčcový Kvartet*), *Op. 7*, ed. by Ondřej Pivoda (Prague: Bärenreiter Praha, 2020).

This is a self-quotation of a piece Pavel had written in Janáček's Master Class (he was probably Janáček's most important student), and also arranged as an untitled song for solo piano.

Kvartet), *Op. 7*, ed. by Ondrej Pivoda (Prague: Bärenreiter Praha, 2020). See especially the Preface.
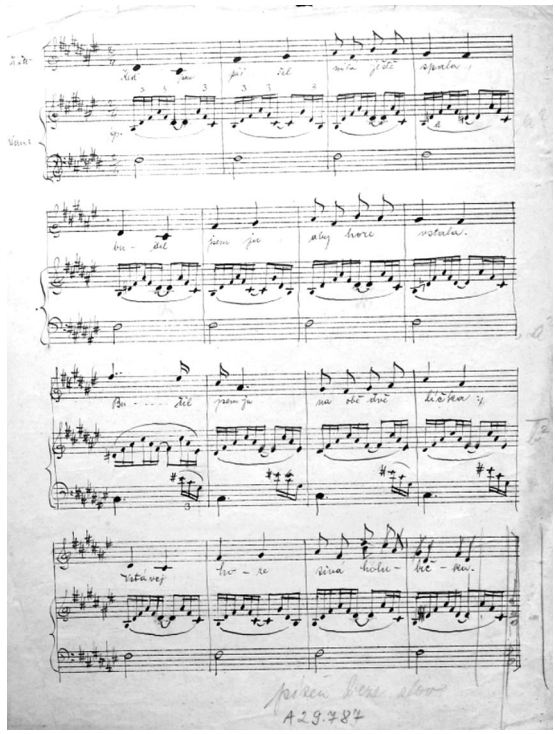
Fig. 4 Excerpt from untitled Haas work composed in Janáček master class, 1922, Department of the History of Music of the Moravian Museum, call number A 29.787.

The original version was composed to the Moravian folk text, 'When I arrived my love was still sleeping', which Janáček had also set with a different tune.

After a middle section which distorts the theme, it appears again a half step higher as a canon between first and second violins. Presented wordlessly in the quartet, this theme opens up into a world of longing and dreamy passion, before the "real world" of the movement crashes to a noisy (and percussive) conclusion.[3]

3 For an extended discussion of the quartet and comments about this song see Peduzzi (42–48) and Martin Čurda's 2016 article, '"From the Monkey Mountains": The Body, the Grotesque and Carnival in the Music of Pavel Haas', *Journal of the Royal Musical Association*, 141.1 (2016), pp. 61–112, https://doi.org/10.1080/02690403.2016.1151235

We are told reliably that this moment is a reminiscence of Pavel Haas' love affair with the writer Maria Podešvová (1901-1994), who recalled it shortly before her death in a series of deeply felt letters to Haas' biographer Lubomir Peduzzi.[4] She writes, almost seventy years after her love affair with Haas, 'But that first love with Pavel was the most beautiful. Even though I had a happy marriage for over a half-century, I still think about it'. Tucked away in the middle of the quartet's final movement, this interlude not only recalls a moment of Pavel's personal enchantment. It encapsulates several of my primary subjects of investigation: secrets, middles, the relationship between form and musical meaning, and most broadly, the intensely personal way we respond to connections between music and the rest of the world.

Pavel's song itself was written in the early 1920's, long before dark Nazi clouds took over the horizon, and yes, this is in part a story about Nazis and their impact on the creations of the Haas family over several decades and continents. Pavel's next series of musical recollections are starker and more volatile, including Chopin's funeral march, the patriotic Hymn to St. Wenceslaus, the *Horst Wessel Song*, and even a Hussite war chorale. These moments—reflections, interruptions, secrets—are stuck in, hidden in, works created by the composer in the 1930's and early 40's; a *Suite for Oboe* and an unfinished *Symphony*, the latter a torso left behind when the composer was deported to the Terezín ghetto in 1941.

In the ghetto Pavel continued his practice of hiding references to themes and compositions in his work. His most profound composition from that time, the *Four Songs on Chinese Poetry* (1944), references the 'St. Wenceslaus' hymn in the powerful third song 'The Moon is Far From Home', using it as a symbol of the "distant" homeland (technically just outside the prison walls). The same song also references Janáček's incendiary *Diary of One Who Vanished*, a cycle about a young man who is eroticized by, and runs away with, a Romani woman. The quote is taken from the moment in Janáček's song cycle when the young man turns angrily to the girl who is bewitching him and says, 'Why are you hanging around here? Why don't you get lost?' (literally: 'Why don't you go out into the world?'). Of course, while Haas uses Janáček's musical motive,

4 For this see Peduzzi's article '*Po stopách mladosti Pavla Haase*' ['Following the footsteps of Pavel Haas' Young'], *Opus musicum*, 5 (2000), pp. 23–27.

his text is different from the original, and roughly translates as: 'Oh, the emptiness of my hands says everything'. Here, Pavel seems to be purposely evoking a parallel text in a bitterly ironic manner, conflating the idea of an empty-handed prisoner stuck in a concentration camp with a borrowed musical fragment which has the text, 'Why are you hanging around here?'

Of course, not all the things Pavel Haas is hiding have to do with sound. Whether for reasons of wit or cryptic commentary, the frontispiece of Haas' Hebrew-texted choral work *Al S'fod* [Do Not Lament], looks like a random assembly of musical notes.
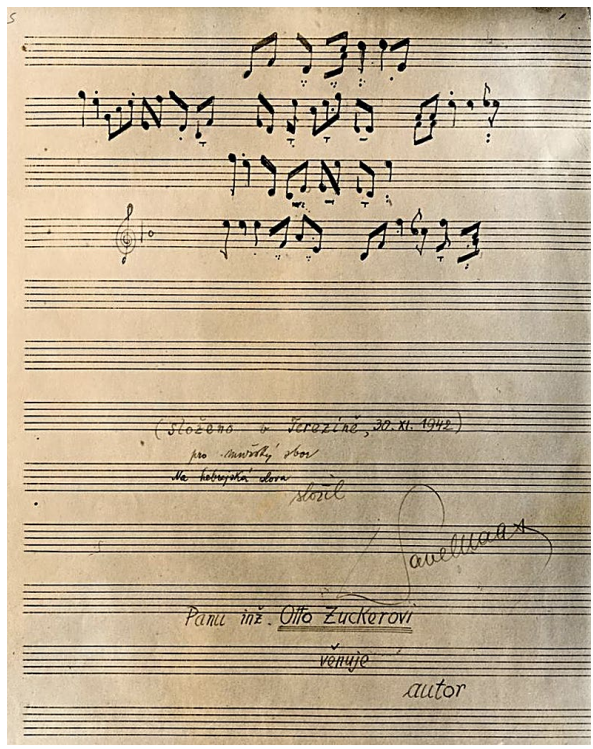
Fig. 5a Pavel Haas, 1942, *Al S'fod* [Do Not Lament], autograph, copy. Prague, Židovské Muzeum. Reproduced with permission.

Unless you look closer and can read Hebrew. Then you see the message '*Makzeret leyom hashana harishon vehu acharon begalut Terezín*' ['In commemoration of the first—and let it be the last—anniversary of our

Terezín exile']
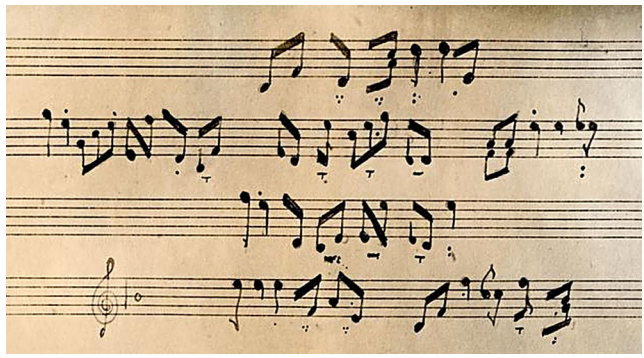
Fig. 5b Haas, *Al S'fod*, zoomed in.

The composition itself is also filled with ambiguities. At what should be the climactic moment, 'And the blood cries out to the soul of the people!' Haas writes *dolce*, sweetening somehow the unsweetenable. Finally, it is even possible that some of the motives of the work are actually related to these cryptic "notes" on the title page.

Pavel Haas' *Four Songs on Chinese Poetry* are performed at the very beginning of the summer of 1944; his *Study for Strings* is performed and recorded in an awful propaganda film a few months later, on 1 September. This is Pavel's last composition to have been performed in Terezín, and also contains its own hidden reference, which we shall come to by and by. The massive Fall transports start at the end of September, and by the middle of October Haas is on a train to Auschwitz. He is immediately gassed upon his arrival.

* * * * *

The fate of Pavel's brother Hugo is vastly different. Though Hugo had studied with Janáček as well, it was decided that he should study theater instead. By the 1930's he had become one of the most successful stage and film stars in Czechoslovakia, with a famous turn as an actor/director in Karel Čápek's pandemic drama, *The White Disease,* an anti-Nazi parable. But even before the Nazi invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1939, Hugo had been forced to stop working at the National Theater, and he eventually fled to the United States, arriving in New York in early November of 1940. He spent some time in Chicago acting in Czech community productions and, not able to make it to Hollywood in his first try, he went back to New

York and acted in several Broadway shows. His first production was *The First Crocus* in 1942, and he later worked in a revival of Čapek's *RUR*. Although none of his New York shows were particularly successful he received good reviews which led to his Hollywood debut in *Days of Glory*.[5]

By the time he took a memorable turn in *King Solomon's Mines* in 1950, playing a Dutch villain, Hugo had made enough money from *Pickup* to risk it all on own production company (he made twelve films in all), and the scene with the jukebox appears in the opening minutes of that film. While what we witnessed on screen does play some role in the plot as it develops (Hunkie becomes deaf for a spell), it has a far deeper resonance. It was reported that when Hugo learned, at the end of the war, that his brother Pavel and his father Otto had been murdered in the camps, he suddenly couldn't breathe, and immediately had an asthma attack, a condition Pavel had suffered from, but Hugo never had before.[6] One commentator has even suggested that Hugo was somehow reenacting with his asthma his internal image of Pavel's inability to breathe in the gas chamber.[7] From that point on, according to his friends, some combination of grief, trauma, survivor guilt and anger followed him for the rest of his life—eventually asthma was listed as his cause of death in 1968.

So, in this sense, we might suspect that the catastrophic response to the jukebox waltz could somehow relate to his brother's death. A specific bit of evidence allows us to pursue the matter further. William Spicer offers the following:

> Along with writing, producing, directing and acting, Haas also contributed to the music for *Pickup* (a Man For All Seasons practice he would occasionally take on in later productions). Its main title theme was a melody composed around World War I by Hugo's brother Paul when the two were teen-agers in Czechoslovakia. The only other person who knew the untitled unpublished tune after Paul died during World War II (a victim of the Nazi gas chambers) was Hugo himself, who remembered it and had it orchestrally arranged by *Pickup* musical director Harold Byrns.[8]

5 I am grateful to Milan Hain for supplying this information which is based on material from his book H*ugo Haas a jeho* (*americké*) *filmy* [Hugo Haas and his American films] (Prague: Casablanca, 2015), pp. 21–37.

6 A jarring description of this is given in Steve Johnson, 'Jan Lowell's Improvised Life: From Hugo Haas to Spaghetti Westerns', *Classic Images*, 20 December 2010; cited in Milan Hain's 'Hollywood Film as Therapy: Hugo Haas, Trauma, and Survivor', *Jewish Film & New Media*, 7, 1 (2019), pp. 1–22.

7 'Pavel and Hugo', https://www.casopisharmonie.cz/rozhovory/pavel-a-hugo.html

8 Bill Spicer, 'The Movie Producing Career of Hugo Haas', *Movie Collector's World*, 168

Spicer mentions the opening credit music and, in the absence of archival material that would settle the matter, this is a possibility; however, we have not found such a song among Pavel's surviving papers. But the use of words "melody" and "tune" do not exactly resonate with the jagged and motivic nature of the opening music. Rather, from the reaction of Hunkie/Hugo in our scene we can suggest with some confidence that Pavel's melody was actually the jukebox waltz. Not only are we told it is 'beautiful' and that it makes the hard-boiled blonde 'cry', but just as Hugo is about to say something, she stops him and says 'listen'. We have already seen and heard Hunkie's traumatized reaction, and there is no reason to assume that anything about the tune itself caused the auditory panic. Yet *our* knowledge of its connection to Pavel encourages us to have the choice of viewing this scene as a highly complex autobiographical display. Further, when Hunkie is interrupted he is in the middle of saying, 'You know, my…' as though he were about to utter, 'You know, my brother wrote this tune'.

While the connection between tune and trauma cannot be categorically proven, since Spicer does not give a source, other references to Pavel in Hugo's films are beyond dispute. In his next effort, *Girl on the Bridge*, he plays the role of David Toman, an old watch repairman, a Holocaust survivor living alone. One night while walking on a bridge he sees a young woman, Clara, who seems to be thinking about jumping.

They speak briefly and his words seem to calm her, in any case she does not jump. The next day she appears at his shop to thank him. With her is a baby whose father, Mario, is a touring musician and the reason for her suicidal thoughts. David, who has lost his entire family 'murdered by the Nazis', immediately becomes attached to the baby. Over time Clara goes to work in the shop and they eventually get married and she becomes pregnant. At just this time Mario returns, finds where Clara is working and comes to the shop intending to take Clara back. David offers him money to leave Clara alone, but touched by the old man's fear and devotion he says, 'I'm no heel', and leaves. His crooked cousin, Harry, however, has other ideas, and comes back at night to blackmail David, thinking he must have a safe full of diamonds. David explains that he has very little but Harry doesn't believe him and tries to go into the bedroom where Clara is sleeping. David picks up a candelabra (in

(2 December 1983), pp. 1, 3, 14–16.

the first scene of the film we are told how heavy it is), strikes Harry and kills him, and then dumps his body on the beach.

The plot thickens when Mario is arrested for the crime. David becomes more and more anxious and desperate. He confesses what he has done to a friend and says, finally referring obliquely to his losses during the war: 'When a man went through hell. When he lost everything he ever loved in life. And all of a sudden all the dead feelings are coming back to life again. He wants to hold it, fight for it… I'm trying desperately not to lose everything again'.

In the scene that follows David stands by a window while the rain pours down. He is unshaven and disheveled. His wife Clara, angelic, sits at the sewing machine.

Fig. 6 David (Hugo Haas) stands by the window in *The Girl on the Bridge* (Twentieth Century Fox, 1951), dir. Hugo Haas (57:27). © Twentieth Century Fox, LP1414.

Ord. 2 David (Hugo Haas) stands by the window in *The Girl on the Bridge* (Twentieth Century Fox, 1951), dir. Hugo Haas (57:27). Duration: 2.10. © Twentieth Century Fox, LP1414. https://hdl.handle.net/20.500.12434/ee26ed59

As they chat, he becomes more and more agitated, the rain becomes unbearably loud. Finally, Clara says, 'You know David, I can't stop thinking

about it all the time'. 'What?' asks David. 'What that poor boy must go through' she answers as David paces back and forth. She continues, 'How desperate he must feel, sitting there... helplessly'. Seemingly out of nowhere David shockingly screams 'Shut up!' at his wife, and then after a brief pause, 'Don't talk about him all the time!' This outburst at his innocently framed wife seems inexplicable. But if we were to look closely we do find a reason for it. As David storms out, he passes a photograph on the piano: it is a portrait of Pavel with a black ribbon across it.

Fig. 7 David (Hugo Haas) walks past a photo of Pavel Haas in *The Girl on the Bridge* (Twentieth Century Fox, 1951), dir. Hugo Haas (59:27). © Twentieth Century Fox, LP1414.

Ord 3 David (Hugo Haas) walks past a photo of Pavel Haas in *The Girl on the Bridge* (Twentieth Century Fox, 1951), dir. Hugo Haas (59:27). © Twentieth Century Fox, LP1414. http://hdl.handle.net/20.500.12434/14368789

Let's outline possible interpretations from the most certain to the more speculative. We can be absolutely sure that this portrait on the piano with the black ribbon is of Hugo's brother Pavel—that cannot be disputed. On the next level we have a strong likelihood under the circumstances that the

spoken lines 'What that poor boy must go through' and 'How desperate he must feel, sitting there hopelessly' refer not only to Mario in the plot, but to Pavel, or rather Hugo's sense of what it must have been like for Pavel to be locked up in a prison. Third, David's outburst, 'Shut up! Don't talk about him all the time', is something like an anguished "note to self". Because quite simply, Hugo cannot stop thinking about Pavel.

Indeed, there is a great deal of evidence that Pavel was on Hugo's mind all the time, though according to his friends, he almost never actually spoke of him. And when he did it was in these terms, as when he was asked about returning home to Brno:

> Brno—that's a graveyard to me. Where's my mother who was waving to me from the balcony on Biskupská Street every time I was leaving for Prague? Where are my father and brother Pavel? They were killed like dogs – they undressed them and drove them to be gassed: they didn't even grant them the saddest right of all – the right to die with dignity, even that was denied to them.[9]

All speculation aside, at the very least, Hugo has inserted a private memorial to Pavel into the film at its most dramatic point. In fact, it is the placement of this photo that was the source for my own Doctrine of One and that has led to this project. For it is my view that this "invisible" moment was the main reason Hugo made the film in the first place, or at least the most important reason, and that this was the critical scene in the film for him. And it was made, essentially, for an audience of one. In short, every aspect of plot, mood and design, from the lead into the long musical interlude, is all about Hugo and Pavel. From this, again, follows the idea that each audience member is unique, with their own highly specific set of associations and understandings.

While these first two films of Hugo's, both from 1951, clearly reference both Pavel's music and his image, I am not sure one can carry the process forward to argue that Hugo's *entire American oeuvre* was nothing more than a memorial to his brother. But there are other highly suggestive references in several of his films. Pavel's photo appears several times, most notably in Hugo's next film, *Strange Fascination* from 1952, where, seemingly without too much exaggeration, he turns himself into his brother, playing a musician named Paul Marvan (as noted, really 'Pavel the Moravian').

9 Vojtěch Jestřáb, 'Hovoříme s Hugo Haasem' [Talking with Hugo Haas], *Kulturní tvorba*, 5 September 1963.

Pavel's picture first appears when Marvan answers the phone, and then a few minutes later when he says, 'I thought you were different; that you'd understand'. Later Pavel's image appears when "Marvan" says 'She's… how shall I say, my sponsor', as if somehow Pavel was his guardian angel.

Fig. 8 Marvan (Hugo Haas) walks past a photo of Pavel Haas in *Strange Fascination* (Columbia Pictures, 1952), dir. Hugo Haas (31:49). © Columbia Pictures, LP1946.

Ord. 4 Marvan (Hugo Haas) walks past a photo of Pavel Haas in *Strange Fascination* (Columbia Pictures, 1952), dir. Hugo Haas (31:49). Duration: 0.17. © Columbia Pictures, LP1946. https://hdl.handle.net/20.500.12434/ad9dac48

Strange Fascination is a film about decline in the mode of the *Blue Angel*: when we meet Marvan he's a dandy on the cusp of a successful European career as a pianist. Brought to the United States by Diana, a wealthy woman who secretly loves him, Marvan falls for, and marries, Margo, a sexy young blonde. Softened only slightly by the required marginally happy ending dictated by the melodrama genre, this film is a ghastly tale… and Pavel's photo presides over Marvan's downfall (which includes purposely

mangling his hand in a machine so he can get insurance money—which of course he never gets). Pavel appears when Hugo goes to play a job with a torn collar. He hovers about when his young wife calls Marvan a 'jealous, stubborn Bohemian pighead!' and later when she confesses to the patron, Diana, 'I feel trapped. I want to get out'. Most notably the photo appears for the final time when Marvan comes back to an empty apartment, his wife has left him... we hear fully 30 seconds of ominous, punctuated music, while Pavel observes from above left, the angle suggesting that somehow Pavel is hiding from Marvan's humiliation. Pavel is not alone this time, Marvan's downfall and shame also take place in front of both Tomaš and Jan Masaryk who can be seen in another photo in the room.

Fig. 9 Marvan (Hugo Haas) walks past another photo of Pavel Haas in *Strange Fascination* (Columbia Pictures, 1952), dir. Hugo Haas (01:14:36). © Columbia Pictures, LP1946.

Ord. 5 Marvan (Hugo Haas) walks past another photo of Pavel Haas in Strange Fascination (Columbia Pictures, 1952), dir. Hugo Haas (01:14:36). Duration: 0:47. (c) Columbia Pictures, LP1946. https://hdl.handle.net/20.500.12434/69fb4e2e

While one cannot argue for exact correlations between the many times the photograph appears in this film and various double meanings, it is equally the case that the placement and angle of this photo do not make it into any of the shots by accident—Hugo has inserted it in specific places for specific reasons.

There are other unusual connections. In *The Other Woman* from 1954, Hugo plays a film director, Walter Darman, who ends up murdering a young actress who has been trying to destroy him for thoughtlessly dismissing her from a role. At one point he is called in by the police to view the body, and as the dramatic music builds, the covering is removed and we see her face. Immediately the camera tilts upward to fix on Darman on the left side of the screen. But on the right, there is a shadowy figure of a policeman, which remains visible for about twelve seconds.

Fig. 10 Darman (Hugo Haas) stands in front of a police officer resembling Pavel, *The Other Woman* (Twentieth Century Fox, 1954), dir. Hugo Haas (01:09:10). © Twentieth Century Fox, LP4395.

This could very well be a reference to Pavel. For comparison I've juxtaposed a photo of Pavel and Hugo. And this is so, it suggests Pavel as a silent figure of judgment of Darman/Hugo:

Fig. 11 Hugo (left) and Pavel (right) Haas, 1933.

Another film where the picture appears is a much lighter effort from 1959, a charming piece called *Born to Be Loved*. We see Pavel's photo as Hugo says (playing another pianist and composer, 'Prof. Brauer') 'There's too much violence in the world', once again, possibly a double comment. Interestingly, and possibly coincidentally, the romantic leads sing a love song with the lyrics: 'Don't forget I'm not your brother' (as Hugo whistles along) while later, mousy Dorothy (played flawlessly by former Miss Universe Carol Morris) says, 'kiss me like a brother'. But more importantly, we hear early on about Prof. Brauer's fantasy: having a grand piano instead of his old upright. He confesses to Dorothy that he even dressed up in his best clothing and pretended he was shopping for a piano so the music store would let him play the instrument in the window. He says that he played his grand improvisation, *Fata Morgana*, and tells Dorothy it means 'mirage'. Later in the film, after receiving a

piano as a gift engineered by Dorothy, he ecstatically plays part of the piece, a rhapsodic number with rising chords in parallel motion, ending in an orchestral climax.

Fata Morgana may have been the name of Prof. Brauer fantasy, but it was also the name of Pavel Haas' brilliant *Op. 6* song cycle on the poems of Rabindranath Tagore.

Fig. 12 Pavel Haas, *Fata Morgana*, *Op. 6*, Anita Watson, Anna Starushkevych, Nicky Spence, James Platt, Navarra Quartet, and Lada Valešová (Resonus, 2017).

While 'Prof. Brauer's' composition is more Hollywood than interwar avant garde, there are similarities to some of the songs in Pavel's cycle, particularly the end of the third song, with its movement from simple piano texture to full ensemble. And the four rising notes at the end connect with Prof. Brauer's composition.

The presence of *Fata Morgana* in the film is a kind of mirage, like the

apparition of Pavel himself in Hugo's movies, like all the hidden secrets in the musical-visual worlds... simultaneously part of the landscape and also invisible, unreal, and transitory. To complete this mirage, in the credits, it turns out that Prof. Brauer's piece really *is* by Hugo and that in all probability, it is Hugo himself who plays it. And note that of all the composers, Hugo gets top billing:

Fig. 13 Credits for *Fata Morgana* in *Born to Be Loved* (Universal Pictures, 1959), dir. Hugo Haas. © Universal Pictures, LP14408.

Ord. 6 Credits for *Fata Morgana* in *Born to Be Loved* (Universal Pictures, 1959), dir. Hugo Haas. Duration: 1.16. © Universal Pictures, LP14408. https://hdl.handle.net/20.500.12434/f67e86e6

Other films explore more psychological aspects which may be related to the brothers. For example, *Hit and Run* features as an important part of the plot identical twin brothers, one of whom is in jail, and who is killed in the course of the film. Two brothers: one survives and the other does not. Eerily, even the protagonist's wife cannot tell them apart, asking him: 'Are you Gus?'

Fig. 14 Promotional poster for *Hit and Run* (United Artists, 1957), dir. Hugo Haas. © United Artists, LP8231.

The point of going through these connections is not so much to demonstrate the role Pavel's memory and Hugo's living experience of it plays in the films, however substantial and potent that role is. Rather, these connections demonstrate that Hugo Haas was willing to put enormous time and energy into creating films where only one person, himself, really knew some powerfully important details. The noir genre is a world of psychological trauma, secrets and concealment—in that sense there could be no finer place for Hugo to both reveal and conceal his brother Pavel.

* * * * *

Hugo, of course, is not the only member of his family to appear in a notorious film. Pavel has a special role in a piece of cinema far darker than any noir item that Hugo could ever have dreamed up.

Fig. 15 Karel Ančerl conducts Pavel Haas' *Studie pro smyčcový orchestr* [Study for String Orchestra] in *Theresienstadt* (Schutzstaffel, 1944), dir. Kurt Gerron and Karel Pečený. © United States Holocaust Memorial Museum.

Ord. 7 Karel Ančerl conducts Pavel Haas' *Studie pro smyčcový orchestr* [Study for String Orchestra] in *Theresienstadt* (Schutzstaffel, 1944), dir. Kurt Gerron and Karel Pečený. Duration: 0.52. © United States Holocaust Memorial Museum. https://hdl.handle.net/20.500.12434/13664ece

This is of course the infamous Terezín propaganda film, made in the late summer of 1944 and never completed. Featuring heartwarming scenes of camp life, designed to show it as a kind of paradise, it is also the ultimate cynical version of '*Entartete music*' ('Degenerate music'), since almost the entire "score" consists of music by Jewish composers who were otherwise banned. One of the longest sections is a performance of Pavel's *Study for Strings*, conducted by Karel Ančerl. While it is the music in this travesty of a film that is most interesting (and horrifying), the fact that Pavel has a cameo "bow" at the end of the performance compels us as well, especially in light of his posthumous appearances in Hugo's film.

Fig. 16 Pavel Haas bows after Ančerl's performance of his piece in *Theresienstadt* (Schutzstaffel, 1944), dir. Kurt Gerron and Karel Pečený. © United States Holocaust Memorial Museum.

We opened this chapter with a charming instance of Pavel's self-quotation from 'The Monkey Mountains'; we close it with one altogether more tragic. Pavel's opera *The Charlatan* was written in the mid-30's and first performed in 1938, until events quickly pushed it off the stage. At heart a dark political satire, parallel to Hugo's *The White Disease*, it presents a demented and corrupt medical charlatan, Pustrpalk, and a group of frenzied acolytes as they traverse the countryside.

Lubomir Peduzzi draws attention to similarities between the opening *Allegrio con brio* of the *Study* heard in the film, and the beginning of Act 2 of *The Charlatan*. There is, however, another, less obvious quotation.[10] Indeed, there is a cryptic passage at the very centre of the *Study*.[11] An *Adagio* section in heavy Moravian rhythms gives way at measure 150, via a pause, to the same kind of ghostly muted strings we encountered in 'From the Monkey Mountains'.

But the material here is no romantic recollection; rather Haas is referring to another moment in *The Charlatan*. The quotation, again with strings *con sordino*, refers precisely to that moment in the opera when the wanderers encounter a vanished hamlet: *Tam, tam vesnice byla* [Yonder, there was a village]. Both passages feature a descending chromatic line,

10 See Lubomír Peduzzi, *Pavel Haas: Život a dílo skladatele* [The Life and Work of the Composer] (Brno: Museum and Local History Society in Brno, 1993), pp. 111–112.

11 Lubomír Peduzzi, *Musik in Ghetto Theresienstadt: Kritische Studien* [Music in the Theresienstadt Ghetto: Critical Studies] (Brno: Barrister & Principal, 2005). Peduzzi argues that Klein's idea of writing a Moravian-inflected piece, his *Trio*, occurred after hearing Pavel's *Study* either in rehearsal or performance.

which for centuries has signalled that things are not going well; in the third measure the viola enters, mimicking the pitches and the rhythm of the violin part in measure 150.

Thus, at the very centre of the seemingly festive and folklike *Study*, there lurks a dark reference to *The Charlatan*—to the dictator as clown. Here we may speculate that the "vanished village" in Pavel's *Study for Strings* is Terezín itself, together with its inhabitants, who have "vanished" from the world of the normal into their own noir world, most of them forever.

* * * * *

Afraid of the ghosts he would encounter, Hugo could never bring himself to return home to Czechoslovakia except for two brief visits—the second, appropriately enough, a "secret" one, for which no one was notified in advance. He remained in a kind of exile, even after his return to Europe. With their hidden references, cryptic asides, and delicate yet powerful dance across the decades, the Haas brothers leave us with questions that linger long after the music has fallen silent and the images from the films have faded away: was it circumstance, or some deeper predisposition that led both brothers to hide some of the most important things in their works "in plain sight"? Is complete reception possible if only one person knows the critically important details of an artwork? And if the answer is yes, might we then argue that these intense, intensely personal readings of artworks are the most important readings of all?

Fig. 17 The Haas family (Hugo, Elka, Lipmann, and Pavel), ca. 1930s.

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Musical Works

Haas, Pavel, *Al S'fod*; *The Charlatan*; *Fata Morgana, Op. 6*; *Four Songs on Chinese Poetry*; *String Quartet No. 2* (*From the Monkey Mountains*); *Studie pro smyčcový orchestr*

2. Váchal's Nazi Bookplate

When my father returned from Europe after the war, he brought with him many different kinds of "souvenirs": a beer stein from Munich, a sinister-looking Luger in a leather case, some ancient books he found on the street, and many photographs—some of his buddies, others darker, taken during the liberation of Dachau. In addition to all this, he brought back a giant Nazi flag. The beer stein and books sat innocuously in my parents' apartment for decades, while the Luger surfaced from time to time, usually in a basement or forgotten drawer. About the Nazi flag I remembered only that somehow it had made its way to my uncle's family in New Jersey, and that there was a minor scandal when my cousin Jim Beckerman brought it into his second-grade class for Show and Tell.

Then, in 2018, Jim, who had become a terrific journalist, decided to write about the whole thing. Making wonderful use of both the print medium and online possibilities his article asked the question: 'We found my family's Nazi flag. Now what?'[1]

The article told stories of the war, but raised the potent question of what one does with toxic objects. With that in mind, this chapter could easily be titled: 'What do you do when you find out your favorite artist was a Nazi?'

* * * * *

Josef Váchal was an extraordinary character, an idiosyncratic genius who made his own paper, wrote his own books, and illustrated them with all manner of graphic designs. Váchal was a man of many sides.

1 Jim Beckerman, 'We Found our Family's Nazi Flag. Now What?', *North Jersey*, 5 April 2018 (last modified 15 April 2021), https://www.northjersey.com/story/entertainment/2018/04/05/found-familys-nazi-flag-now-what/365351002/

©2026 Michael Beckerman, CC BY-NC 4.0 https://doi.org/10.11647/OBP.0510.02

Born in 1884 in Western Bohemia, he began writing verse and working as a bookbinder while still in his teens. During the First World War he was on the Italian front and it is widely believed that his experiences at that time played a profound role in his world view. A painter, sculptor and printmaker, at various times he was a symbolist, a surrealist, an anarchist, a Satanist for sure, but also a purveyor of exquisite pastorals, and a poet of landscape. For example, one of his most notable creations is the majestic *Šumava umírající a romantická* [Šumava Dying and Romantic] a huge book measuring 65 x 49 centimeters (slightly more than two feet by a foot and a half) and weighing in at around twenty kilos.

Fig. 18 Josef Váchal, *Šumava umírající a romantická* [Šumava Dying and Romantic] (1931), leather-bound wood engravings, Bayerische Staatsbibliothek. © BSB/ H.-R. Schulz.

It is more than 280 pages long with 74 color woodcuts—after the Codex Gigas it is the largest Czech book in existence (and most expensive), although originally it did not even recoup Váchal's production costs.[2] It is an astonishing collection for another reason: Váchal not only wrote the text, created all the woodcuts, and designed the book (including the typeface); he also made the paper, and printed it himself. There are many different kinds of images here, but visions of idyllic purity are at the core of the collection:

2 According to Rakušanová very few collectors bought the original offering and the artist did not even make enough to cover costs.

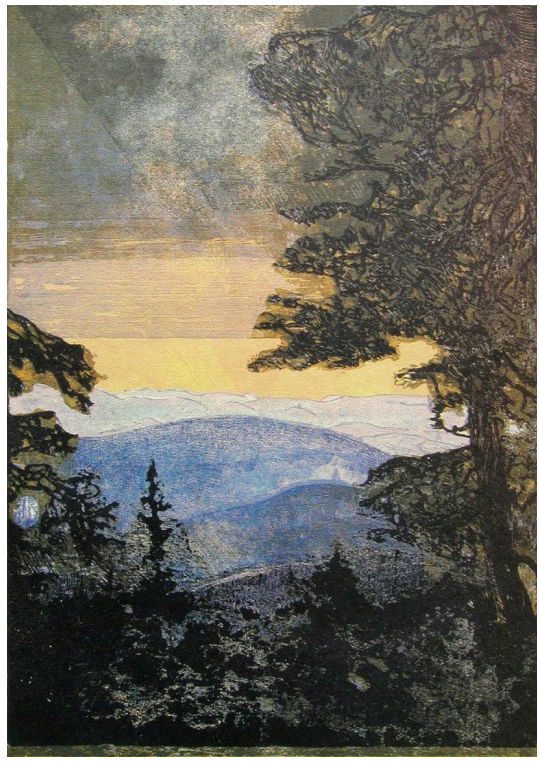

Fig. 19 Idyllic image from Josef Váchal, *Šumava umírající a romantická* [Šumava Dying and Romantic] (1931), leather-bound wood engravings, Bayerische Staatsbibliothek. © BSB.

Living evidence of Váchal's astonishing eccentricity can be seen in a house now called 'Portmoneum' in the town of Litomyšl in Eastern Bohemia, the same town where Bedřich Smetana was born. One of Váchal's friends, Josef Portman, an amateur printer and publisher, wondered if Váchal might consent to paint 'a small recess... in a little room', as a kind of permanent exhibit of his work. Over several years, Váchal not only painted the recess, but the entire house as well, and designed and painted all the furniture as well with a dizzying kaleidoscope of images. According to art historian Maria Rakušanová, there was a strongly ironic component to the relationship between Váchal and Portman, and the Portmoneum was even possibly a kind of joke at Portman's expense. Here is a black-and-white photograph of Váchal in the Portmoneum shortly after the house was painted, and also a color version of one of the rooms.

Fig. 20 Josef Váchal in the Portmoneum, Josef Váchal Museum in Litomyšl, https://lam.litomysl.cz/en/artist/327-josef-vachal. © The Brno House of Arts.

Fig. 21 A room in Portmoneum, Josef Váchal Museum in Litomyšl. Photograph taken by the author.

Another whole genre of his work involves Váchal's famous bookplates, which range from more staid symbolist subjects, to strange erotic images, to disturbing oddities:

Fig. 22 Josef Váchal, *Ex Libris Dr. Jar. Polívka* and *Ex Libris Dr. Jng. St. a J. Novákovi*. Photograph taken by the author.

Fig. 23 Josef Váchal, *Ex Libris Franta Procházka*. Photograph taken by the author.

Fig. 24 Josef Váchal, unnamed bookplate. Photograph taken by the author.

And then there's this:

Fig. 25a, Josef Váchal, *České ex libris*, ca. 1939. Photograph taken by the author.

This is Váchal's *Českě ex libris*. The example differs from almost all his more than 400 other *ex libris*, in that it does not include the name of any book owner who might have commissioned it. Thus, we can at least suspect that it reflected his own view of things. The date of creation is somewhat murky, although 1939 may be the correct date.[3] Although I initially thought the dating was relatively innocuous, I now realize that reprinting the image years after its creation suggested that Váchal probably still held the same views he had when he first conceived it.

The image itself is disturbing enough. Various figures depict Germany (a musclebound Aryan with a swastika and a bolt of lightning); 'New Europe', which appears as an impassive Minerva; a caricature Jew in the upper right is about to be struck by Nazi lightning; and in the lower right center, the Homeland, is either beseeching, or mustering half a Nazi salute. In the middle, the Intellectual lies prostrate, perhaps drunk; out of his mouth seem to come Jewish figures, possibly suggesting that Jews are speaking through the intellectual, evoking ancient conspiracy theories.

At least one commentator believes that the triangular arrangement of the "Czech" figures is meant to evoke the Western border of the country.[4]

3 In the only book I could find where it is discussed, *The Unknown Váchal*, two different dates—1937 and 1938—are given, although at one point the author states that the *ex libris* was actually conceived in November 1938, which means it was most likely completed either late that year or at the beginning of 1939. 1939 may be the correct date, although again, we cannot be completely sure, and of course Váchal may have reprinted it at a later time. The question here is possibly without a perfect solution. My own original copy of the *ex libris*, if it is not somehow a forgery of sorts, is dated 1941, and this is the date of the *ex libris* in the National Museum in Prague. This could mean that my *ex libris* is a forgery, or that both Váchal's signature and the date are forged, which accounts for the "wrong" date on the image. Or, since we will show that the ideas that motivated the creation of the *ex libris* persisted throughout the war, it is not out of the question that Váchal would have reprinted it. And then the question arises whether, even if my *ex libris* is a forged copy of the original, whether that matters in the end for our consideration of it. For certainly the image itself was created by Váchal. However, the Vachal scholar Maria Rakušanová believes that the original plate is dated 1938, and that Váchal, as he often did, continued to print from that plate.

4 Jiří Olič, *Neznámý Váchal: život umělce* [The Unknown Váchal: The Life of the Artist] (Prague: Paseka, 2000), pp. 183.

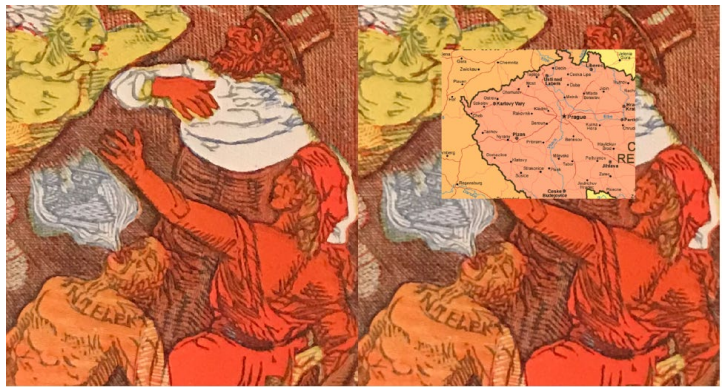

Fig. 25b Váchal, *České ex libris*, zoomed in; and Fig. 25c Váchal, *České ex libris*, bookplate, zoomed in and overlaid with relief map of Czech Republic (2010), Wikimedia, https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Relief_Map_of_Czech_Republic.png, CC BY 4.0.

In his left hand the Intellectual holds a mysterious object, perhaps the image of a Masonic square, with both historical and moral-ethical symbolic weight.

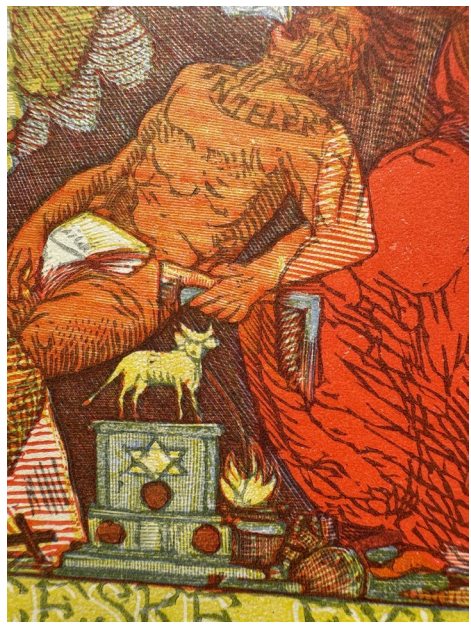

Fig. 25d Váchal, *České ex libris*, zoomed in.

On the lower fringes to the right, weird demons perform a lascivious dance, and, if I am not mistaken, one of them in a kind of cowboy hat reaches into the Homeland's dress with something hideous and snakelike:

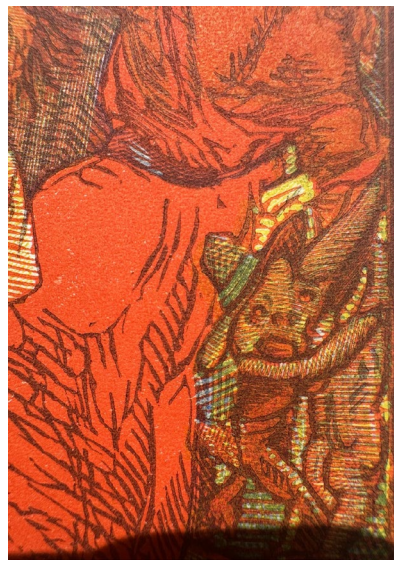

Fig. 25e Váchal, *České ex libris*, zoomed in.

A golden calf sits upon a raised dais in the bottom middle, decorated with Masonic symbols. Yet instead of the traditional Masonic square and compass we have a Jewish star. A simple wooden cross lies next to it on the ground.

Fig. 25f Váchal, *České ex libris*, zoomed in.

If making sense and organizing the various elements or stimuli in an "overpacked" work like Beethoven's Ninth Symphony or Grünewald's Isenheim altarpiece presents some challenges, dealing with Váchal's *dramatis personae* and related images seems even more overwhelming. How do we understand this work? A bit of vicious Jew-baiting antisemitism, blaming the Jews for the desperate position of the hapless Czech homeland? A celebration of Hitler and his Teutonic hoards? An indictment of the feeble Czechs for their capitulation? Or could this be either an ironic statement or even a devastating critique of the Nazis? Or maybe all of them combined? However deeply one subscribes to the idea of intentional fallacy, it seems clear that, in a case like this, intention—hard as it usually is to divine—could significantly affect how one reads and understands the images.

And how do we reconcile the *České ex libris* with the rest of Vachal's achievements? As an admirer of Váchal's work (and to be honest, a collector of it as well) I had to consider how to proceed—especially after seeing the same image advertised on the Czech auction site *Aukro* under the caption, 'Czech ex libris with an anti-Nazi theme, signed'.

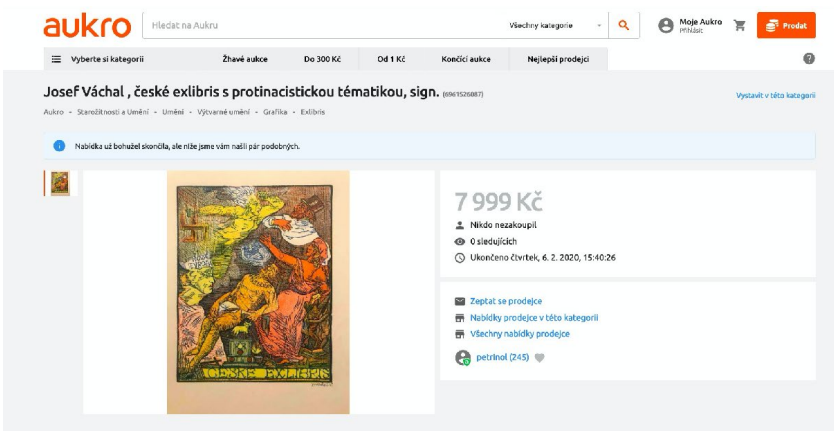

Fig. 26 Screenshot of Czech auction site *Aukro* taken by author.

Is it really possible that this collection of signs and symbols could be *anti*-Nazi and how would we possibly know? We might begin by asking whether Váchal made any statements at the time that could help us contextualize the image. The answer is yes. On 7 March 1939, only one week before the Nazi invasion he writes, 'O Czechia, seduced by the Jews

and now getting better!'[5] Váchal's letters and other comments suggest that he regarded the British and the Americans as the aggressors in the war. He writes such things in his diary as, 'I admire Hitler's just and beautiful speech', refers to 'Göring's beautiful speech',[6] and in a letter to his friend Karel Němec on 5 June 1940 says 'Heil Sieg! Glory to the Great German leader. Woe to the Czech serpents dominating the last two decades just like the degenerate serpents France and England'.[7] He signed several letters during this time with swastikas, even alienating his close friend and disciple Josef Hodek who wrote, 'This is the first time I have no interest in your work'.[8] Indeed, in the small village where he lived, he was regarded as such a traitor to the Czech cause that towards the end of the war he wrote in his diary, referring to his partner the artist Anna Macková, 'M "advises" me to get out of the village before the Germans are ousted and they hang me'.[9] It was also reported that Macková buried Váchal's gun and various documents that may have been even more incendiary. We cannot know for certain, since they were so well hidden no one has ever found them.

So, Váchal was a Nazi sympathizer and certainly an antisemite, and whatever else his *ex libris* may be—an experiment with colors or the play of shapes?—it seems to be very much in line with his worldview, one that most of us would find utterly repugnant and irredeemable. Does it therefore make any sense to speak about the aesthetics of the color scheme if we find the ideas of the *ex libris* repulsive? Further, do this work and Váchal's wartime language surrounding it mean that we should ban or avoid this woodcut altogether? Should we attach a warning label to it, as though it were like a toxic social media posting? Or should we go further and "punish" Váchal, perhaps even rejecting or banning his entire oeuvre, as many artists are being cancelled at this moment for their transgressions? And if we do this, should it be a stand taken on principle to show how much we abhor the views he expressed, or do we banish Váchal because just knowing about this reprehensible episode in his life has made us lose interest in his works?

5 Ibid., p. 184.
6 Ibid., p. 186.
7 Ibid., p. 189.
8 Ibid., p. 193.
9 Ibid., p. 198.

I will digress for a moment by outlining and exploring something I call the "Theodore Alevizos effect". Alevizos was one of my father's favorite singers, and his LP of Greek folk songs could often be heard on the family phonograph. Someone will write a book, if one has not been written already, about the strange process by which "lost things" gradually became easily found on the internet over the years, like some kind of slow-developing Polaroid. After my father died in 1985, the album became precious to me. But because I moved around so often, I would periodically lose it, only for it to "miraculously" turn up somewhere else. This went on until the album could be reliably located with a simple internet search, though it is still not available online. About ten years ago, I decided to find Alevizos himself, if he was still alive, reproaching myself for not having looked into the matter sooner. It turned out that he was no longer living; I discovered this because the result that came up in a Google search was a legacy site. I went through his biography, which outlined his career as a singer, a lawyer and a librarian, and moved on to the comments. I was shocked to see that one of his sons had written something along the lines of: 'I don't know why anyone would want to honor him. He was a terrible person and a horrible father'. I should note that I can no longer find that particular comment online. Puzzled and troubled by this, I eventually managed to find contact information for his son, who was living in Mexico, and wrote him a note. In a long and bizarre G-chat conversation, his son confirmed his devastating opinion of his father, saying that he had changed after Joan Baez tried to reprint their album and his father had had to sue her. But he also spent a great deal of time urging me to somehow recover the money the United States government owed him, 'upwards of 79 million!'

In this case, I had no idea whatsoever about what had gone on in that family, and I certainly had no evidence that Alevizos Sr. had done anything wrong. But for a long time the whole episode left a bad taste in my mouth, and I simply did not want to hear or play that music anymore. This lasted a few years, and then it eventually wore off.

My view is that we are often influenced by such things, such that even our most idiosyncratic personal experiences can shape what we hear and how we hear it. But I have also come to believe that reception is infected by cycles of anger, blame and distaste, as well as by empathy

and forgiveness—cycles that may gather around a person or unfold on a much broader political level. We can put even our favorites "in jail" for a time, and perhaps later modulate our relationship to them and "set them free". But then again, we may ask both: who are we to judge and try everyone in court according to some unarticulated standard of perfect behavior, one that we ourselves could probably never meet? And who are we to believe that we are above judging?

But the question remains: if, even in a situation where I had no concrete information, the eponymous "Alevizos effect" could be so strong, how should I determine the best response to Váchal's *ex libris*? Do I now press on, forcing myself to look at Váchal's entire oeuvre through the lens of this one *ex libris*, and begin to see things I never saw before? Have I lost interest in Váchal because of his *České ex libris*? Obviously not.

But really, is there no defense against the charge that Váchal was a virulent Nazi and antisemite and that he used his craft to convey toxic ideas? There is at least one, a defense used so frequently in real and fictional courts that it has become ubiquitous. Some would say that we should not take Váchal's statements or his politics seriously at all because he was, quite simply, mad—or to put it in more measured terms, because he was perhaps such a dissociated, idiosyncratic, and bizarre provocateur that it makes little sense to judge him by any ordinary standards of behavior. And indeed, he does seem to have been a difficult and unusual person, hovering somewhere between genius and madness. In his later years, despite his affectations, he was given the title of 'Distinguished Artist' by the Communist government, one rung below 'National Artist', clear evidence that his Nazi sympathies had been successfully suppressed, or ignored, one never knows.

And of course, sitting in his little village for the entire war, as far as we know, his distasteful opinions, expressed mostly in diaries and letters, harmed no one. In fact, aside from a single mention in the book *The Unknown Váchal*, this particular *ex libris* has largely been avoided, as though it simply had a too bad an odor to be admitted into any discussion of his work—the only trace left online being the advertisement for the "anti-Nazi" *ex libris*. While expecting perfection from artists is absurd, and even factoring in madness as a mitigating factor, this *ex libris* presents such a horrific view of the contemporary world that it is difficult not to

take it into account when thinking about Váchal as a phenomenon.

In addition to this, we need to consider whether the political views affect the aesthetic outcome. Jiří Olič, writing in *The Unknown Váchal* about the *České ex libris*, maintains that: 'There is enough in terms of plot, character and idea here to fill a large stage, but there are too many elements for a small graphic. We cannot ignore the fact that such a malevolent ideogram does not offer the artist the opportunity to apply purely fine art elements to the work. One impacts another and leads to a heavy-handed, pitiable result'.[10] It is not clear from this statement whether 'the things that impact each other' are, as in the first sentence, the overabundance of images, or rather the impossible tension between the 'purely fine art elements' and the 'malevolence' of the image. Yet, does it even make sense to discuss this in terms of abstract artistic elements? If that were the case, I could mount a defense of the image, invoking everything from the finale of Beethoven's Ninth to *The Magic Flute*, and from 'Bohemian Rhapsody' to The Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* to argue that one way of making great art is, in fact, precisely to create something overpacked with bristling images. And since at least one of Mozart's many "competing" musical images in *The Magic Flute* is a racist caricature of a rapacious Moor, and since one might also ask whether Beethoven is making fun of the Turks in his little B-flat march in the Ninth and whether The Beatles' 'When I'm Sixty Four' is a somehow ageist song, can't we cut Váchal any slack? I imagine that many of us would still answer in the negative.

But wait! It is a principle of research that the most dangerous moment is often the point at which one is just about to reach a firm conclusion. The engine is moving at full steam, and any remaining skepticism or nuance tends to vanish as one surges forward. Yet I have recently located two more Váchal's *ex libris* images—in some ways even more horrible than the one we began with— that raise a few additional questions.

Both *ex libris* are dated from the last year of the war, or just after. The first is what we might call the 'The Nazi as Vodník'. The *vodník*, or water goblin, is a malevolent creature from Czech mythology and folklore, known for his green skin and hair, who drags unsuspecting

10 Ibid., p. 183.

victims into the water where they either drown or become underwater beings themselves. Immortalized by K.J. Erben[11] in his dreadful ballad *The Water Goblin* [Vodník], the character may be more familiar to music lovers through Dvořák's tone poem or even Fibich's ghastly melodrama of the same name.[12]

Fig. 27, Josef Váchal, *Ex libris Ruda Klinkovský*. Photograph taken by the author.

In this *ex libris* we see an unusual and rare example of a female water goblin. Head adorned with a Nazi War Eagle she chokes a soldier to death as a six-fingered demon with a Hitler mustache cheers her on. No muscular young Wotan slings lightning bolts at a cringing Jew and the Homeland in this postwar vision, instead there are Nazi monsters committing and approving awful deeds.

This theme is amplified in another *ex libris* from around the same time.

11 K.J. Erben (1811-1870) was a Czech folklorist. He is best known for his collection *Kytice*, which contains poems based on traditional and folkloric themes.

12 Zdeněk Fibich (1850-1900) was a Czech composer of classical music. Among his compositions are chamber works, symphonic poems, symphonies, operas, liturgical music, a piano cycle and melodramas including the substantial trilogy *Hipodamia* and *Vodník*.

Fig. 28a, Josef Váchal, *Ex libris Karel Sedláček*. Photograph taken by the author.

The exact dating of this bookplate, designed for a man named Karel Sedláček, is uncertain: various sources list 1945, while an exhibit at the Moravian Gallery in Brno gives the date as [1946?]. In blunt, and perhaps bitter, contrast to the *České ex libris*, this one is a study in unrelenting browns. The protagonist, certainly Hitler, is half man and half beast, dressed in what looks like some kind of Japanese samurai armor. His eagle helmet and jackboots are both adorned with swastikas; wearing a necklace of skulls, he clutches awful dead things in his grasp. His piercing eyes are unforgiving, and were it not for the figure in the lower right, one might say it was unrelenting in its harsh judgment of Hitler and the Nazis. But not so fast! The hook-nosed head, surely meant to represent a Jew, is wearing a cap associated with the Communists.

Fig. 28b, Váchal, *Ex libris Karel Sedláček*.

There is one more *ex libris* that bears on these matters. Created for Vladimír Nop, a philologist, librarian, and collector, it dates from 1945 and provides a kind of counterbalance to the *České ex libris*:

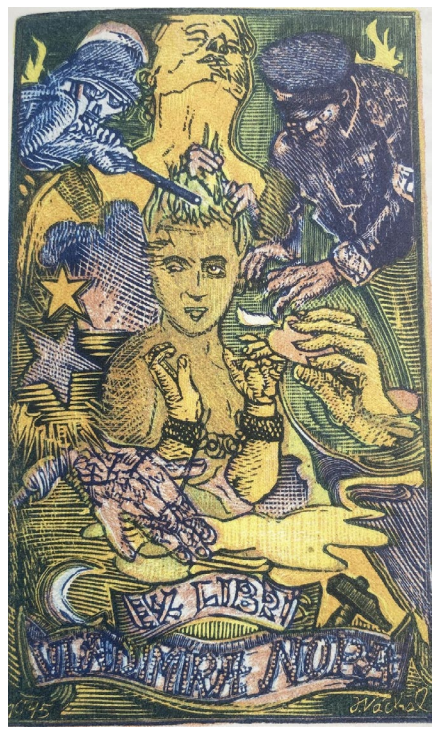

Fig. 29, Josef Váchal, *Ex libris Vladimír Nop*. Photograph taken by the author.

One cannot be absolutely certain, absent the kinds of verbal clues supplied in the *České ex libris*, but we can perhaps recognize the Homeland (*Vlást*) in the image of a woman handcuffed in the very center of image. "Wotan" has been replaced by a skeletal soldier holding a rifle over her head. Without overinterpreting such a complex image, we might note that the ineffectual intellectual of the *České ex libris* now holds the Homeland in his hands, while on the top right the Jews have been replaced by a Nazi, possibly Hitler, with a fire raging behind him.

So, are these *ex libris* indictments of the Nazis? Or in the case of the second artwork, both the Nazis and the Communists? Or are these awful images some kind of strange apology—and, if so, are they possibly the kind of apology in which, by apologizing, the perpetrator only puts his foot in it even more deeply? Could they instead indicate that, towards the end of the war and after, once Hitler's deed had become known, Váchal deeply regretted his former stance? And would that matter for how we might think of the *České ex libris* with which we began? Does "sorry" matter?

While the *České ex libris,* especially in light of the accompanying documents, can be considered a kind of visual equivalent of a genuinely toxic statement, the second two are more difficult to read. And as we consider them, I'd like to introduce another moment from another artwork. In the last minute of Victor Ullmann's final *Piano Sonata*, completed in Terezín shortly before his transport to Auschwitz in October 1944, there is a moment where time stops and a quodlibet appears. Stuck together, like the drunken soldiers quodlibet in Heinrich Biber's *Battaglia*, are the same fifteenth-century piece Pavel Haas used in his unfinished *Symphony*, a Hebrew song, the chorale of Bach's church cantata *Nun danket alle Gott*, and the cryptic notes B-A-C-H.
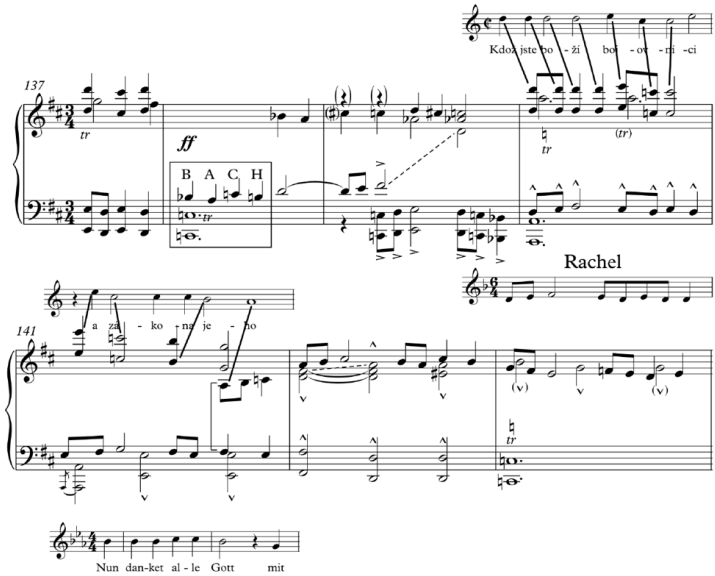
Fig. 30, Viktor Ullmann, 1944, *Piano Sonata No. 7* (Berlin: Schott, 1997). Additional annotations by the author.

Those elements are there for all to see, but what do they mean? Does the invocation of Bach and the German chorale reference those aspects of the German tradition worth keeping, even as they have been trampled and misused? Or is the quodlibet simply a portrait of how Zionists, Germans and Czechs managed to live together cheek by jowl in the ghetto? Or could it even be a portrait of conflict between these forces? How do we come to believe that we actually know what things means—and how, depending on what we think we think, does the composition transform itself into something entirely different?

As one last example I'll offer something from the recent past. One of my favorite artists was an old family friend, a North Carolinian named Jim Moon. I particularly like his early paintings, from the late 1940's. I was given one of these, in fairly bad shape, by Jim Moon's partner and took it a few months ago to an art restorer in Quogue, New York. His house was filled to the brim with paintings, even in bathrooms. My eye caught this one, a bit of American folk art from the mid-nineteenth century.

Fig. 31 Painting by an unknown artist, Quogue, New York. Photograph by the author.

I'm always interested in paintings with musicians, so I was completely focused on the violinist. My wife, on the other hand, is an obstetrician, so as she later explained, she barely noticed the violin, completely absorbed in the mother and child. I assume someone like my former landlady, interested in hearth cooking, would have noticed the pot over the fire, and home builders would be looking at the roofing materials. There is only one painting, but an almost infinite number of views and viewers, and the possibility of all those views, colored by personal details and preferences, need at least acknowledged in any serious discussion of artworks.

* * * * *

Our individual stands become even more visible when we write about certain figures, and when we call them out in some way for their behavior or their views.[13] And as we do so, we may or may not feel ambivalent

13 See, for example: Gwen Bouvier, 'Racist Call-outs and Cancel Culture on Twitter: The Limitations of the Platform's Ability to Define Issues of Social Justice', *Discourse, Context & Media*, 38 (2020); Noel Carrol, 'Art and Ethical Criticism: An Overview

about what we are doing. It is worth noting that, most of the time, what we are doing has not the slightest consequence for the figure in question. After all, if I write about Wagner's antisemitism it will hardly make a difference to anyone at this point, and certainly will have absolutely no effect on that composer's stature. But in the case of Váchal, with so little writing about him in English—really almost nothing—my view could actually carry some critical weight. For I still believe that, on the basis of his talent, his dedication to his work, and his unique imagination, Váchal deserves to be better known, and even celebrated for his work. Yet writing a study of his wartime *ex libris* and the contextual writings surrounding them, as I am doing, might genuinely affect the way he is perceived. Who, after all, would want to touch someone with such views? As I was pondering these questions, I wrote to my former professor and friend, Richard Taruskin about this conundrum. While writing his two-volume biography of Stravinsky, Taruskin had discovered that Stravinsky had pronounced fascist and antisemitic tendencies. In response to my note, he wrote: 'glad it's your problem and not mine'.

Not only, then, is our reaction to any artwork idiosyncratic, but it

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of Recent Directions of Research', *Ethics* (January 2000), pp. 350–387; Phillip Deen, 'Is Bill Cosby Still Funny', *Studies in American Humor*, 5.2 (2019), pp. 288–308; Berys Gaut, 'The Ethical Criticism of Art', in Jerrold Levinson, ed. *Aesthetics and Ethics* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1998); Daniel Jacobson, 'In Praise of Immoral Art', *Philosophical Topics*, 25.1 (1997); Malcolm King, 'How Cancel Culture Corrupts Fiction', *Quadrant* (Nov. 2020), pp. 97–99; Joseph Ching Velasco, 'You are Cancelled: Virtual Collective Consciousness and the Emergence of Cancel Culture as Ideological Purging', *Rupkatha Journal on Interdisciplinary Studies in Humanities*, 12.5 (2020) pp. 1–7. See also: Jonah Engel Bromwich, 'Why "Cancel Culture" Is a Distraction', *New York Times*, 14 August 2020, https://www.nytimes.com/2020/08/14/podcasts/daily-newsletter-cancel-culture-beirut-protest.html; Rachel Cooke, 'The Idea of "Ethical Art" is Nonsense. We Have to Separate Art from Life', *The Guardian*, 6 April 2013, https://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2013/apr/07/graham-ovenden-art; Robert Ham, 'How to Aproach Bill Cosby's Comedy Legacy', 23 June 2017, https://www.pastemagazine.com/comedy/bill-cosby/bill-cosbys-comedy-legacy/; Legaya Mishan, 'The Long and Tortured History of Cancel Culture', *New York Times Style Magazine*, 3 December 2020, https://www.nytimes.com/2020/12/03/t-magazine/cancel-culture-history.html; Aja Romano, 'Why We Can't Stop Fighting about Cancel Culture', *Vox*, 25 August 2020, https://www.vox.com/culture/2019/12/30/20879720/what-is-cancel-culture-explained-history-debate; Justin Weinberg, 'Philosophers on the Art of Morally Troubling Artists', *Daily Nous*, 21 November 2017, https://dailynous.com/2017/11/21/philosophers-art-morally-troubling-artists/; Sanam Yar and Jonah Engel Bromwich, 'Tales From the Teenage Cancel Culture', *New York Times*, 31 October 2019, https://www.nytimes.com/2019/10/31/style/cancel-culture.html.

is also malleable, changeable, as each time we gaze upon or listen to something or read something anew, our vantage point changes. Part of me cannot help liking certain things about the *České ex libris*, perhaps even because of the familiarity of having studied it so closely. Strangely, I can find it compelling and horrible at the same time. For some, this is probably a sign of moral lassitude: after all, such a thing should be roundly and permanently condemned. But looking at awful images by great artists will never be simple.

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3. Schubert's Quintets, a Family Portrait

St. Paul's Chapel at Columbia University is a welcoming edifice, completed in 1907. The interior, in Byzantine style, is distinguished by a dome of interlocking terra cotta tiles intricately combining various warm shades of brown. The acoustics are excellent—even poorly snapped fingers create satisfying echoes. On this day, the chapel is filled. We are sitting near the back. To the side the musicians are tuning up. It is 25 October 1985, and this is my father's memorial service.

We never come from nothing, nor do we ever go back to it. Whenever we hear a piece of music, it enters our lives as a kind of interruption—usually a welcome one. Nothing could be more dizzying than contemplating all the factors that shape our experience. It may involve some conscious anticipation of the experience to come; our mood at the time, of which we are often unaware; and perhaps things like "reflexes", depending on our training and the workings of our hearing. Our apprehension of a musical work encompasses something like an invisible force, akin to gravity. But, as with composition itself, while some part of reception is natural and without conscious volition, other parts may conjure ideas, images, thoughts that we can barely recognize, even as they condition our response. And after we hear something? How does it play out? How do we process any sonic after-image, and how does that affect our response?

Of course, we may also ask how new technologies affect this process. For example, when looking at the playlist numbers on Spotify for Schubert's *The Trout* Quintet we see that, as of 4 May 2026, the famous

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fourth movement in the recording "starring" Yo-Yo Ma and Emmanuel Ax has 1,889,450 listens, while the equally ravishing slow movement only has about 116,684. This means that, more or less, the fourth movement was listened to more than a million and a half times without the rest of the piece, that is without the movements that were *meant* to precede and follow it. How this affects our relationship to the repertoire, we can only guess.

Chamber ensembles only count as high as nine. The world is replete with trios and quartets. There are plenty of quintets too, and then things start to thin out. But you can always find sextets by Beethoven, Brahms and Dvořák; septets by Stravinsky, Beethoven and Hummel (two of them!); octets by Schubert, Mendelssohn and Steve Reich; and even nonets by Martinů, Coleridge Taylor and Spohr. Even though there is a word for a group of ten, decet, no one I know can name a single one of these. Imagining the combination of two Schubert quintets into a giant decet as a simple key to my family history is, as one of my teachers Richard Taruskin once said of a point I was making, 'a bit farfetched'. Yet, taken one by one these quintets may allow us to ask a few, possibly interesting questions.

The *Quintet in C*

For years, I had the following picture in my mind: my paternal grandfather, Morris Beckerman, is lying in a hospital bed under white sheets. To his left is an old wooden Victrola, the kind on a stand; and as he lays dying, really a young man at forty-two, he listens over and over again to Schubert's *Quintet in C*. That most of these images, as we shall see, turn out to be fictional, is simply par for the course in my—and indeed all of our—relationship to the past. Yet, my grandfather's relationship to the Schubert Quintet was real, and it has resonated in our family through the decades. While I realize that the claim around individual apprehension of artworks may begin to sound like a covert valorization of one's personal idiosyncrasies, it probably is time to supply a few details from the past.

The histories I offer are true to the best of my recollection, even if

nothing else is, and when possible, I will try to marshal facts, documents and other evidence to support them. For example, Schubert's *Quintet in C* was played at my father's memorial service. I was there, and although I have no actual sonic memory of it, it happened. Also true is that there were two main reasons that we chose the quintet. First, of course, my father loved the piece; and second, it was a piece his own father had cherished. Of course, we are dealing with two things that are probably true. My evidence for the first of these is firsthand: I remember hearing the work so many times as a child. There is more to say on the relationship between Schubert, my father and me, but we will come to that later. The evidence for the second, concerning my grandfather, is more anecdotal, hearsay-based and fraught with things that may have been misremembered or misbelieved.

You know how it is, sometimes you come to believe something which is just plain wrong. For example, when I was in tenth grade, commuting to school in Manhattan from Long Island, my girlfriend lived in Forest Hills. In fact, her family's apartment was just by the train tracks. Somehow I formed the memory of her standing at the window waving as the train went by. Years later, when I mentioned this to her upon seeing her for the first time in decades, she insisted that no such thing had ever happened. But we both found the memory so charming that we agreed that I could keep it.

Something similar has happened with my thoughts about my grandfather and the Schubert Quintet. As I have mentioned, I was told (or perhaps fabricated out of strands of remembered conversations) that as my grandfather lay dying in the hospital of arteriosclerosis, at the age of forty-two, he listened to the quintet over and over again on his Victrola. A few years ago, I spoke about this with my father's brother, Edwin Beckerman, and he assured me that there was no Victrola in the hospital and on the heels of that, I realized in retrospect that the idea had been patently absurd. No one had phonographs in their hospital rooms in the 1940's.

As I thought about it, I realized that I had this image of a phonograph in mind:

Fig. 32 Victor "Victrola" model VV-IX tabletop phonograph. Photo by Infrogmation (2016), Wikimedia, https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Antique_phonographs_exhibit,_New_Orleans_October_2016_-_25.jpg, CC BY 4.0.

But when I looked up that model, I realized that it made no sense, since this phonograph had been introduced in 1910 and was no longer being sold by then. In fact, if anything, my grandfather's phonograph was probably more like this one:

Fig. 33 H.M.V. table grand gramophone, model 103, 1925. Photo by S.E. Cook (1961), Science Media Group Collection, https://collection.sciencemuseumgroup.org.uk/objects/co117227/h-m-v-table-grand-gramophone-model-103-1925, CC BY 4.0.

Of course, if my uncle is correct, and my grandfather never had a Victrola at the hospital, all bets are off when it comes to which model he might have had at home.

Further, a recent inspection of the 1940 census shows my grandfather aged forty-five, born in Poland in 1895. He died a year or two later, so clearly, I had either misheard, or had been given the wrong age. This would be like finding out Schubert had died at a Mozartian thirty-five instead of thirty-one.

Other strange things emerged from the past. I knew that my father had, at the age of ten or so, gone to Tampa, Florida, during the Depression, so that his father could look for work. I had heard about this ascetic grandfather of mine, whom I had never met. An intellectual and an anarchist, he had been thrown out of medical school just as the Depression hit, after protesting the expulsion of an Italian student for supporting the anarchists Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti. He later worked standing in line at the Department of Motor Vehicles and ran a small photography store near Yankee stadium. In all the photos I had seen, my grandfather appeared scholarly and dignified.

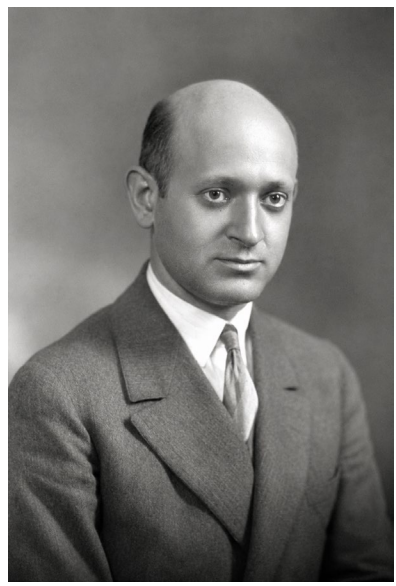


Fig. 34 Morris Beckerman, ca. 1930s. Photograph the author's own.

Imagine my surprise when my father's brother told me that, actually, my grandfather had gone down to Tampa not to find work in a shop or factory, but to train a boxer with his brother-in-law, Leo, who, according to family lore, had once been the welterweight champion of Venezuela.

Fig. 35 Bernard Beckerman and his Uncle Leo, ca. 1928. Photograph the author's own.

Apparently, after a few months of hard training the boxer decided that he did not want to box after all, and the family returned to the Bronx with nothing to show for their efforts. Then after my uncle's death in 2022, I received a cache of photos from my cousin, including the one below, which shows quite a different image of my grandfather.

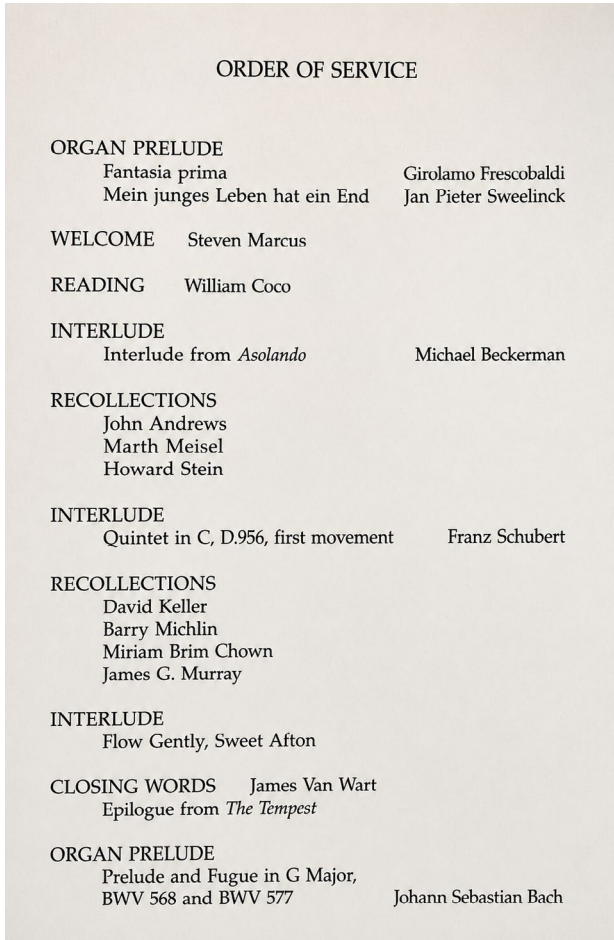
Fig. 36 Morris Beckerman, ca. late 1920s. Photograph the author's own.

Despite the now jarring disjunction between the photos, and an amended view of my grandfather, I have no trouble believing that at some point during his final illness he consoled himself with the quintet; and while I am skeptical of lazy notions of 'the late style', I still imagine that the doomed Schubert and my doomed grandfather found some common ground.

Schubert in Memoriam

Two weeks after my father died we held a memorial service for him in St. Paul's Chapel at Columbia University, where he had been a professor, chair of the English Department, and Dean of the School of the Arts. Because of our family history, and my father's great love for the work, we arranged a performance of Schubert's quintet's first movement. Appearing between Jan Pieterszoon Sweelinck's—appropriate it

seemed—*Mein junges Leben hat ein End* [My Young Life Has Come to an End],[1] Bach's *Prelude and Fugue in G*, and several speeches, Schubert's *Quintet in C* was a moment of respite and contemplation.



ORDER OF SERVICE

ORGAN PRELUDE
Fantasia prima — Girolamo Frescobaldi
Mein junges Leben hat ein End — Jan Pieter Sweelinck

WELCOME Steven Marcus

READING William Coco

INTERLUDE
Interlude from *Asolando* — Michael Beckerman

RECOLLECTIONS
John Andrews
Marth Meisel
Howard Stein

INTERLUDE
Quintet in C, D.956, first movement — Franz Schubert

RECOLLECTIONS
David Keller
Barry Michlin
Miriam Brim Chown
James G. Murray

INTERLUDE
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

CLOSING WORDS James Van Wart
Epilogue from *The Tempest*

ORGAN PRELUDE
Prelude and Fugue in G Major,
BWV 568 and BWV 577 — Johann Sebastian Bach

Fig. 37 Program for Bernard Beckerman's funeral service, 25 October 1985, St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University. Photograph the author's own.

In my memory—the only thing I can remember about the performance—the ensemble was arranged in some narrow formation, like a thin arrowhead. In fact, I do not believe that this was the case, but something

1 Jan Pieterszoon Sweelinck (1562-1621) was a Dutch organist and pedagogue and among the first major keyboard composers of Europe.

about the solemnity of the event has left that cameo picture in my mind. And of course, just as early floppy and even hard disks, had limited memory, we do not have the storage capacity to recall how entire compositions actually sounded to us almost forty years ago.

I did, however, ask several of the players who performed at the memorial service to share their memories of the event.

Laurence Dreyfus: I haven't had the chance to play the Schubert since, and the magic of feeling removed from normal time given the spiritual peace of this extraordinary music sticks in the memory. Mark [Kaplan] led us in lyrical waves by crafting a very other-worldly and utterly unsentimental violin tone, and I recall feeling that, with my pizzicatos answering him occasionally in the bass line, I was almost able to inhabit a vessel-like shape that floated effortlessly through the ether. What I remember most about your dad was his genuine kindness toward your friends—echoed in his warm speaking voice!— and keeping this sensation present while we played was the most fitting way, it seemed to me, to honour the memory of this gentle soul who died far too young. There was also a sense of rootedness of us all being in St Paul's Chapel at Columbia: the university was a real home for me and the first institution where I felt I really belonged. Playing one of my favourite pieces there (especially) for you and Gloria remains a treasured gift.

Mark Kaplan: Of course, I remember your father's memorial service, but I have no specific recollection of that particular performance of the piece.

But the piece itself is interesting, and I have a small story, or rather a pair of stories. The first was when I was a student at Aspen (teenager), and I played the 2nd violin part at a music-reading party. First violin was Robert Mann. It's not really a very readable piece, except for the slow movement, and reading that was one of those few transformational musical experiences for me. As you know, it's a strange and wonderful movement—and in the outer parts of it the second violin has whatever sort of "melody" there is (which is not really a melody; maybe it's an example of early minimalism), while the first violin has seemingly casual comments that in fact give the whole thing its strong communicative power. I remember being quite lost in the music, and being very surprised that Mann was his usual jovial self after we finished.

The second story was from about 10 years ago. At the end of each year, we have a long chamber music party for my studio and invited violists, cellists, pianists, etc. That year one of my doctoral students asked to play the slow movement of the Schubert, and she played 2nd while I played first. These are college kids sight-reading, so it takes continual monitoring to make it coherent; still, we made a not too bad reading, and as we finished

> I looked around to see that my student had tears just streaming down her face. So, something symmetrical with the first story…
>
> Anyway, I thought this pair of stories would be somewhat in line with your notions about different experiences for different people. Probably those differences are inevitable when you have very powerful stimulants to the imagination, without words to tether them to the same framework of ideas.

The idea of playing Schubert's *Quintet in C in memoriam* is not a new one. Something about the composition—its place at the sad end of Schubert's short life, the astonishing sweetness of its exotic "second" theme, which genuinely seems to function as a main idea, and the elegiac slow movement—has led many musicians to regard it with awe. Arthur Rubinstein wanted it played while he was on his deathbed, though it is not known whether this actually happened. Famously, too, the violinist John Saunders had the great theme from the first movement engraved on his tombstone:

Fig. 38 John Saunders' tombstone, Norwood Cemetery, London. Photo credit: Bob Flanagan.

Interruptions and Mysteries

Lest I leave the impression that Schubert's *Quintet in C*, and its place in my family history, is heard only through rose-colored ears, as it were, I do have other recollections of the piece that were not quite so elegiac. The Scherzo of the quintet is a remarkable sonic feat. A hunter's pastoral with a level of power and brutality that even Beethoven never dreamed of, it serves as a kind of abrupt interruption after the slow movement. I loved it, and when I was about six or seven, I tried to pick out (probably more like "bang out") the opening bars on the piano. The problem was that the instrument, a Baldwin upright, was smack against the wall of the sunroom, and the sunroom is where my father had his study. And my father was not to be disturbed when working in his study (often the first thing my brother and I heard when we returned home in the afternoon from school, full of wild energy, was my mother's voice whispering, 'Shh!! Your father is in his study!'). So, as I pounded through the Scherzo, sure I was doing what I should have been doing—instead of practicing scales and the like—I remember this mild-mannered man coming out, perhaps even stomping out, of the study/sunroom, and rather than patting me on the back, telling me in no uncertain terms to stop playing.

And then there is this mystery:

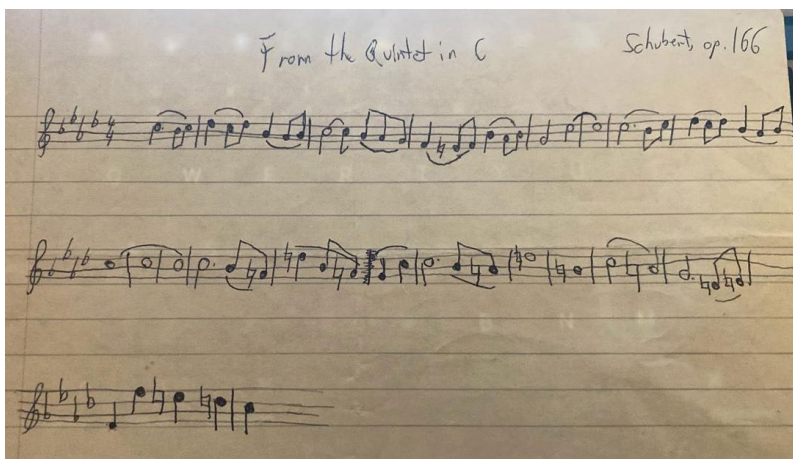


Fig. 39 Author's transcription of the main theme from Franz Schubert's 1828 *String Quintet in C major* (D. 956, Op. posth. 163), I. Allegro ma non troppo.

I recently found this in my parents' house among various papers. I have no memory of ever seeing it before, still less of having written it out. But this is a notation of the main theme of the first movement, in what I'm fairly sure is my own hand. This theme itself is a kind of love duet, first voiced by the two cellos. When they have concluded, the two violins enter with the same material in a gorgeous, fully operatic moment. The whole thing is approached from a distant key, as if it were something set within a frame. Well, not only did "the scribe" of this particular rendering choose not to copy the theme's first appearance; they chose its last appearance, from the violin part in the second half of the movement. Instead of copying Schubert's score literally I put in a key signature (if it was indeed me), and forgot that the second note in the example should be a B-natural instead of B-flat. Beyond any mystery of who might have done this and when, this is a further testimony of how valuable the piece was to the family; that somehow this fragment of paper and theme have survived for more than sixty years, only to emerge just as I was writing this chapter.

Of course, nothing is simple. To some, my family's romance with Schubert, far from being charming, might be exactly what one would expect from an academic family like ours: 'Schubert! Of course!'. But thinking about it, our generations were all quite different in outlook, orientation and experience. It would be a stretch to imagine that my grandfather, with his background as a Polish-Jewish immigrant adrift in the Depression, heard the piece precisely as I did. And my father, who shushed my rendering of the Scherzo little more than a decade after returning from Anzio, from the violence of the European front and from the liberation of Dachau—how did he, with no musical training at all, actually hear the piece?

Thinking of my father, I find myself pondering one of the ironies of certain approaches to teaching music: the implication that without certain "listening skills", a composition either does not make sense, or cannot make its full impression. Of course, that's a load of nonsense. Denying my father, or millions of other listeners, a "full" appreciation of the *Quintet in C* would be like asserting that we cannot experience anything significant in da Vinci's *Last Supper* because we do not know the laws of perspective, or the art of brushstrokes. And with this I flash to one of my earliest listening memories. I'm maybe four or five years old and I am sitting on the floor in front of the family phonograph in the living room listening to Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony.* I do not know what a pastoral is, what modulation is, who Beethoven is, how phrases work, what it means to

"develop" material, or anything about musical composition. But my concentration is total, and my pleasure immeasurable.

And this is part of the reason that I find certain kinds of musical analysis entirely baffling, as if I'm missing something critical when I read it. For example, in the Wikipedia article on Schubert's *Quintet in C*, the collective author writes the following about the first movement, supposedly characterized by a 'gradually increasing motion and tension, leading to the contrasting second subject, in the unexpected key of E-flat, introduced as a duet between the two celli'. Unexpected by whom? Schubert's original listeners? Why should we care about them? And what about those of us who have heard the piece dozens of times? Is anything in it 'unexpected?' And is 'unexpectedness' a useful way to describe what happens? It is such a quandary! Here we have pieces acknowledged as containing something astonishing, valuable, amazing, and then we are told things about how the flat supertonic will be exploited in the third and fourth movements. And this despite the fact that there has never been the slightest attempt to demonstrate how such things actually shape our impression of a composition.

Well then, what about myself? Am I buoyed or burdened by family history? I can look backward, but could my grandfather have looked forward, imagining that the grandson he never knew would be occupied with the same composition that escorted him to the Great Beyond?

So far, I have neatly sidestepped the question of what the quintet means to me, or rather, whether its primary meaning is aesthetic, or rather somehow personal and historical, and therefore most valuable as part of a moving family chronicle. And of course, such a thing is quite difficult to parse. Here, in no particular order of importance, are some of the ways I think about the work. I am struck by Schubert's gift of making the opening sound like a slow introduction, even though it is in the same tempo as the rest of the movement. He uses this device in the *Unfinished Symphony*, one that later Dvořák picks it up in his *Cello Concerto*. Related to this is the composer's ability, if you will forgive the formulation, to make the second theme sound like the main theme, the "real" subject of the work. For it is in this theme where the drama of an extended pair of love serenades, already mentioned above, plays itself out.

Pieces like the *Quintet* have led me to wonder whether you could argue that certain parts of a composition are "more important" because they are played several times, or whether, on the other hand, things

that occur only once, the "singularities" are the most critical. Or even whether part of the great power and hold such pieces have over us is the irreconcilable tension between such things. In the famous second movement then, is the opening material "the main idea" because we hear it at the beginning or the end, or is it all a setup for the ultra-dramatic core of the movement? Or perhaps is the movement "about" the tensions between the two?

As I pondered such matters, I shared some of the memories and family histories surrounding the *Quintet* with Lorraine Byrne-Bodley, who had just completed a comprehensive "life and works" monograph on Schubert. Here is what she wrote in response:

> How poignant that you are working on the Quintet which your paternal grandfather listened to on his Victrola. There is some kind of rounding of experience there which I can't quite put my finger on. I'm somehow connecting how Schubert's ancestors (which he too never met) played Dances which ended up in Winterreise or how his grandfather's spirituality ended up in Schubert's music... and imagining a parallel with your grandfather who passed on his love of music to you, listening to a work on his deathbed which you are now writing about. There is a wholeness there, a natural and uncanny inheritance. It deepens when I remember how you told me when you were writing about Huneker, your mother told you on the phone that her father planned to write a book about him.

Yes, it's true. When I told my mother I was working on a chapter on the critic James Huneker as part of a book on Dvořák, my mother, after a very long pause, said, 'Your grandfather was working on a book about Huneker'. For years, through closets, storage units and basements, I searched for the Huneker material. Although I found many things written by my other, non-Schubert grandfather—including many screenplays rejected by Hollywood agents, a memoir with a recollection of a canasta game, and many articles on cardiology—I never found that manuscript.

The Trout Swims in the Little Brook Outside Our House in Vermont

The brown 1955 Chevy with a cream-colored top moves slowly up the hill to the summer rental. As soon as the car arrives, the two brothers, near in age, scramble to get things out of the car and into the wooden house. How

do I know this? Well, I have it on film, recently discovered, a videotape my mother must have cobbled together from old family movies. Mind you, I do not actually have a film of the car climbing the hill, only sitting on top of it.

Fig. 40 Still from Beckerman family video, ca. 1956.

But in order to have gotten there, it must have driven up the hill. So then is the first sentence of this paragraph proper history, or wild speculation? And is it proper to write history by implication? On the other hand, I do actually have the footage of my brother and I scrambling in and out of the car to get our things:

Fig. 41 Still from Beckerman family video, ca. 1956.

Most of our lives are a giant blank, so I cannot say what happens after the film stops, although I know that after such a long trip from Hempstead, Long Island, I must have gone to the bathroom, gotten something to drink and eventually had dinner. And I do not know for sure that *The Trout* quintet was the first piece my father put on the record player, or even whether we had brought our own phonograph or used one that was already there. But I remember *The Trout* above all as a symbol of our family "coming into the country". The country was special to us, though not, as one might imagine, because we lived in a dense urban landscape. We lived in the suburbs, but at a time when towns on Long Island were more like villages than the suburban sprawl they have since become. What made the country "the country" were the smells and the views. The word "view" was a big part of our trips. 'Look, a view!' my mother would say, 'Let's stop, there's a view here!' There were no views in Hempstead, Long Island, and it was that sense of space and unspoiled nature that resonated. And though I never remember Hempstead, Long Island, smelling bad, it never had that amazing fresh country scent of Vermont, nor did it have little sachets of balsam fir fragrance, or maple syrup.

These days I have been thinking about what I call "fused images". They are a staple of songs in general, where "the words" and "the music" together produce something that is neither one or the other alone, but in fact a separate substance. I cannot say whether these fused images play a fundamental role in the lives of others, but I suspect they do. And when "the country" and *The Trout* merged, something unique happened. Somehow that opening chord was the definitive break between the suburbs and the countryside, colored beautifully by the rising arpeggio, which sparkled, I thought even at the time, like the brook outside our house. But the world that opened from it was also shaped by the measure that followed, a kind of pastoral hymn over a drone.

Of course, as with the *Pastoral Symphony*, as a six-year-old I had no knowledge of, or feeling for, the history of bagpipes, shepherds and shepherdesses, or of the fact that for several centuries, a particular musical dialect had been used to evoke the simplicity and continuity that city dwellers ascribed to the countryside. It has been pointed out many times that the reality of country life was neither identical, nor even especially close, to the imaginary world created in the city. Yet the conjuring of this

imaginary world persisted for centuries, and remains a staple of film music.

Just as I had found a relic of the past in the mysterious fragment of the *Quintet* in my family's summer house, a few weeks ago I located what I believe was the "original" recording of *The Trout* I first heard in the mid-1950's.

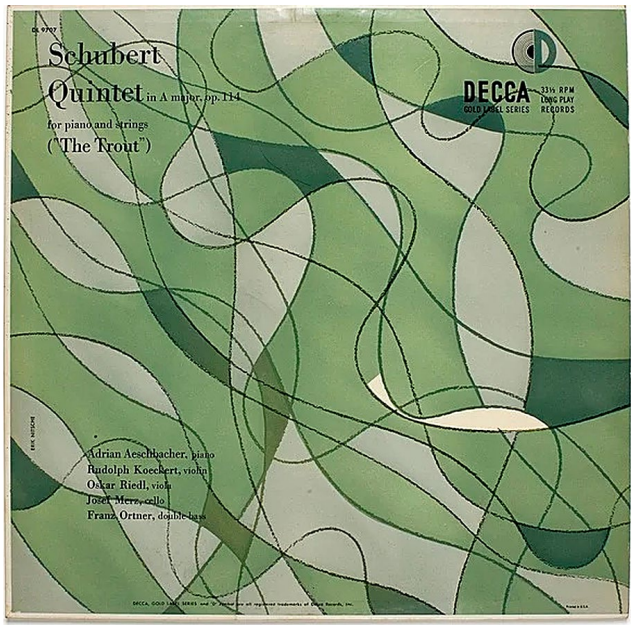


Fig. 42 Cover art for recording of Schubert, *Quintet in A major*, *Op. 114* for piano and strings (*The Trout*), Decca (1953).

Once more with fused images, and here I am on thinner ice, but I am wondering, considering the very special album design, whether the particularity of my response to *The Trout* also included this cover. With its wavy, water-suggesting lines, its attempt perhaps to match the "abstract" musical sound with a comparable image, I believe it is likely that it too was part of what I believe became my special relationship to *The Trout*. I should perhaps say at this point that, while I do believe I have a special relationship to the quintet, I do not for a moment think it is more special than anyone else's. As I stated at the beginning, the point is that we all have special relationships to artworks, each with its own fusions and identities.

I was able to find an archival version of this recording and I immediately "put on the record" (i.e. clicked the mousepad). I found

it fascinating. First of all, due to the condition of the "source", what one hears first are the hisses and clicks familiar to all those who grew up listening to records; in that sense I might as well have been listening to a record. In addition, the first five-sixths of the first bar are missing. But still, the memories evoked are potent, even more so than the too-clean sound of an mp3. And am I fooling myself? Compared with other recordings from around the same time, I found the tempo of the slow movement in this one entirely to my taste. But I cannot say with certainty whether it is the same recording; and, if it is, whether my taste was conditioned by that recording, or whether some "pre-existent" taste that identified the recording as ideal.

The famous fourth movement is, of course, based on Schubert's song by the same name, *The Trout*. When I finally listened to the song itself for the first time, after what must have been many, many years, I felt a bit puzzled, even cheated. While I immediately recognized both the tune and the accompaniment from the final variation, I was puzzled by the "plot" of the song. After that lovely sparkling image, musical and textual, the fish is caught after a nasty struggle—and then we blithely return to the sparkling opening as if nothing had happened. I realize that is probably the wrong way to think of the song, but I cannot help it. Perhaps even after the struggle, the supreme image of the leaping trout remains forever beautiful. Still, the dissonance between text and music continues to surprise me: it is indeed difficult to say whether the music of the fourth movement is "about" the beautiful sparkling waters of the brook or about the fish's resistance.

Schubert and the Sentograph

While the above may seem to support my general thesis about the individuality of responses to artworks, there are always other important ways of looking at the matter.

In the early 1970's, a strange man, Manfred Clynes, appeared on the Columbia campus. With him, he carried something I now know to have been a sentograph—a machine that, through finger pressure, attempts to measure some kind of response or even point of view. It might be a response to a question, an idea, or an emotion; in this case, however, it involved responses to music. After recording many subjects,

he showed that almost all the responses to "Schubert", looked more or less alike, especially when compared with the responses to "Mozart", "Beethoven", and "Bach", which, in the same way, also resembled one another. The results seem to suggest something closer to a collective response to artistic phenomena than anything I had imagined. I have not scrutinized his data, so while I can believe that people have a general sense that, say, Schubert is different from Beethoven, I'm less sure that the boldness with which the results are presented does not take us into methodologically shaky territory. Whatever the case, it was a useful stimulus for asking whether 'my' Schubert, taken all together, represents something like a fused image; whether such things can be spoken about at all, or must simply be left as a matter of unspoken, and forever unverifiable faith. And of course, whether we each have our own images, or whether, as Clynes implies, they are shared.

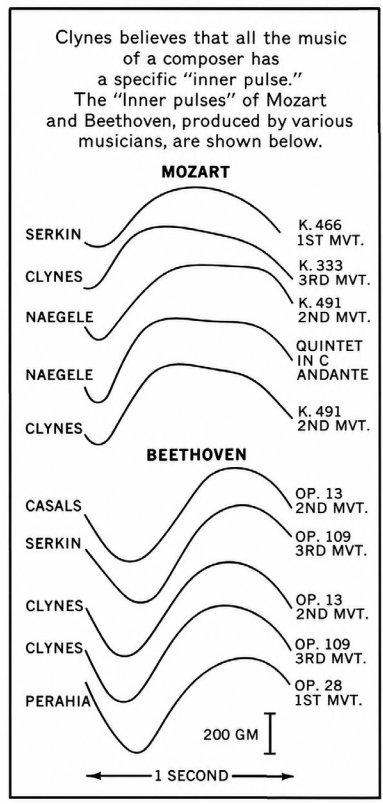


Fig. 43 Manfred Clynes sentograph.

Intermezzo: Jesse Stone and Brahms

I cannot help wanting to insist on particularity when it comes to responses to artworks. Between 2005 and 2015 Tom Selleck made nine films in which he played the role of Robert B. Parker's depressed, misanthropic, alcoholic, but always righteous Jesse Stone. In an early scene from *Sea Change*, Stone drives through the fictional town of Paradise on his way to visit his deputy, who is lying in a coma in the hospital. When he stops to let a woman with a shopping cart cross the street, she comes over to the driver's-side window, taps on it, and says: 'Brahms'. The dialogue continues:

> Stone: Excuse me?
>
> Hilda: I'm Hilda Evans, Chief Stone. How's the drinking thing going? Small town. Ever since people heard that you were drunk on your job interview... there's been concern.
>
> Stone: Actually, I drank too much the night before. I just made the mistake... of having one in the morning to steady up.
>
> Hilda: Brahms. When I'm feeling troubled, I sit in my favorite chair... put my head back, and listen to Brahms. I find it comforting. Enough said.

Later, when Stone returns home, and after a call from his ex-wife (who we never actually meet in any of the films) he takes an LP out of its sleeve, puts it on the turntable, and after the initial click noise of the needle settling in, we hear the opening of the *Intermezzo, Op. 118 no. 2*. He sits back in his chair, and for the first time since we have met him, seems to relax. This kind of scene recurs in subsequent films. Part of its power is that Jesse Stone is precisely the kind of character one would not imagine listening to Brahms.

Ironically to me, the recording chosen is one of the faster versions. If played to its conclusion, the Intermezzo would last just over five minutes. At first, I thought the performer might be Arthur Rubinstein or Andras Schiff, but the timing and gestures did not quite match. It turns out the recording is by the Turkish pianist Idil Beret. It may be worth noting that, with only a few exceptions, recordings of this particular piece tend to diverge quite markedly in tempo and gestures, with relatively few occupying a middle ground. I cannot help wondering, then, how the same scene might have unfolded had a much slower recording been

chosen: the one by Seymour Bernstein, for instance, which lasts almost eight minutes. How might that slower tempo have reshaped the scene, and how might the altered character of that scene reshaped the film as a whole?

Chaos Theory

It turns out that part of my "doctrine" depends on notions of particularity, possibly originating in my interest in chaos theory. Certain strands of the theory have their own doctrine, which has come to be known as "sensitive dependence on initial conditions": the idea that, at least theoretically, the smallest changes can profoundly affect the outcome. In its most popularized version, this is the claim that 'a butterfly stirring the air today in Peking can transform storm systems next month in New York'.[2] That this turns out, almost certainly, not to be true does not diminish the power of that image. Applied to my own "doctrine", it suggests that even slight differences in the way we hear, in our histories, our passing moods, and even our unacknowledged or unknown predispositions, can produce experiences that diverge widely from one another. Of course, the counter-argument would be something like this: yes, we come from different places and possess different attributes, but under the influence of the music we become one. One might be tempted to dismiss this, if only for its rather robotic implications. Yet my doctrine need not do so. It can allow that, even if we share certain kinds of responses to something like the Brahms' Intermezzo, what we do with that response is always different.

Finale(s): Hearing Habsburgs

By now, the reader will know that one of the two areas I have pursued most energetically over the course of my career is Czech music, and because of this, I might actually hear the two quintet finales in a slightly different way from my father and grandfather. *The Trout* finale opens, like Beethoven's pastoral, with a drone, a bagpipe if you will. As

2 James Gleick, *Chaos: Making a New Science* (New York: Open Road Media, 1987), pp. 169–170.

someone pointed out to me years ago, before the bagpipe can play any notes in the upper register the pumping has to start the drone, and that's exactly what happens in many bagpipe imitations. And over the drone comes a little folk tune in parallel thirds, animated by the vivacious and syncopated rhythms that one can hear more than a half century later in Dvořák's *Slavonic Dances*. Schubert, of course, had Moravian roots himself, and even if not, he is likely to have heard folk dances of this kind. Yes, more "coming into the country".

The finale of the *Quintet in C*, by contrast, has long been discussed in terms of the *style hongrois*, the "Hungarian Style", which appeared from time to time in the music of Schubert and his contemporaries. Here we have a movement in C major that begins in C minor, wrenching its way through B-flat and B-natural before arriving at C major. Its stepwise "perpetual motion" aspect also touches on the idea of "momentariness" and on the elevation of the physical.

In a way, my career and my travels have led me to think about "musical Habsburgicity" and a putative Habsburg style reflecting the polyglot nature of that empire, where Serbs and Czechs, Catholics and Jews, German speakers and Poles, and many other groups lived cheek by jowl. Whether we listen for this musical mode in Mozart's 'Turkish' rondo, Dvořák's Slavonic Dances, Mahler's symphonies, or Schubert's quintets, the dizzying diversity of Habsburg style is a driving force of the work's sound world.[3]

Final movements in a multi-movement composition pose wonderful problems for a composer. Should you use the finale to, in effect, close the circle, resolving enough of the work's accumulated "tensions" to produce a satisfying closure, as in Mozart's *Jupiter Symphony*? Should it lead monumentally to an apocalyptic conclusion, as in Beethoven's Ninth? Or should the composer instead refuse to resolve all the strands that have been set in motion, as in Berlioz's *Symphonie fantastique*? What kind of closure is considered optimal, and how much "new" material can a finale introduce while still providing a satisfying conclusion? Is it possible to create too much closure—something of which Schubert and Dvořák have both been accused? And then, as listeners, should we be

3 See my 'A Fifteen Round Heaveyweight Championship Between Antonín Dvořák and Muhammad Ali for the Crown of the Habsburg Empire', *Czech Music Quarterly*, 2 (2026).

thinking about closure at all, or simply experiencing it?

It has become commonplace to speak about the "other" in literature, film and music, referring to a person, group, or quality depicted as different from—and typically outside—a dominant, normative "self" or "us", and this may be linked with what I've already mentioned as a "marked" substance: an image or sound that clearly evokes a particular reality or place. I would argue that, in different ways, both quintet finales are marked, one as rustic and, to my ear, Czech; the other as Hungarian/Roma. At this very moment, debate ranges over just who has the right to depict what, or, in effect, to tell which stories, with many arguing strenuously that only members of a certain group have a right to "tell their stories", particularly when these stories are understood as stories of oppression. So, while I cannot imagine any group of "farmers", or indeed Czechs, objecting very strongly to the finale of *The Trout*, the *style hongrois* in the *Quintet in C* might be rather trickier to handle.

Whether or not Schubert himself would have thought of equating the Hungarian and the Gypsy/Roma element with artistic freedom, we now understand the "Hungarian" style to be, in effect, the "Gypsy" style, or to distance it from uncomfortable associations, perhaps "Gypsiness" is an adequate stand in.

This brings us to the equally difficult question of appropriation, and to the possibility that some might link Schubert to the creation of "exotic" music though the exploitation of Romani musicianship. Of course, the issue is complicated by the fact that certain Hungarian scholars have argued that it was a mistake to consider this as "Gypsy music" at all: according to them, it was music that Hungarians paid Roma musicians to play, "and now they think it's their own", raising the question of how music "belongs" to anyone.

I do not know, and cannot know, what my father and grandfather heard in the Schubert quintet, but I am fairly sure that the age in which they lived did not really leave much room for asking whether the famous first-movement theme, or the Romani-inflected finale, might carry problematic political connotations of exploitation and appropriation. It remains an open question whether listening to either movement with such matters in mind is ethically required or absolute nonsense, and what difference, if any, it might make to one's apprehension of the work as a whole.

* * * * *

Of course, in the end, this chapter might itself be seen as a kind of self-fulfilling prophecy, since in the very act of writing I have further "inscribed" my own relationship to Schubert, and more firmly placed myself in a line running through my father and grandfather. But as we shall see with the Dvořák *Concerto*, it's hard to think and listen at the same time, even though the levels on which these may occur are surely manifold and nuanced.

The Peanut Game

More than a decade ago I wrote a section of an article on one of Janáček's business cards called 'The Peanut Game'. And this is what I wrote:

> I don't know why, but when I was a small child, I dreamed up a game. Perhaps it started at Herbie Auleta's birthday party. Eddie Ellison might have been there. Peanuts were handed out. For reasons unclear, I decided then and there to see how many times I would remember establishing the "game." And of course, all the game consisted of was *remembering the word "peanut" in the context of the game*. I cannot say how many times I have "won" the game, but I can say that months, and sometimes even years have gone by without my remembering the game. I am sure that during those lean months or years I eat peanuts, or at least peanut butter, see Mr. Peanut, use the term peanut gallery, and read Charles Schultz's cartoon *Peanuts.* Somehow these do not take me back to the original memory. But suddenly I will remember and "win!" Mine is an individual and even idiosyncratic game, but it may tell us something about the way in which we come to be in our state of constantly-both-remembering-and-forgetting the past, for strange lengths of time, and probably unfathomable reasons.[4]

Not every encounter with Schubert will trigger the family connection I have outlined, even if it seems to preoccupy me at the moment. And even when it does, there is no method for determining exactly how that connection conditions my listening and my experience of it. Each time we listen, we enter a different world. It may seem familiar, but it can also be filled with surprises, strange turns, and unexpected associations.

4 See: Michael Beckerman, 'Janáček's Vizitka', in his *Janáček and His World* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2003), pp. 197–216.

Coda

I am clearing out my parents' house in Sag Harbor, where they spent many joyous years together. Although my mother remarried happily after my father's death, she never disturbed his files or his library. So I have been going through them, trying to save anything that might be original and useful to future drama students, or to those studying the history of institutions. It is, by turns, satisfying and sad, and has left me filled with mixed feelings. Renovations begin next week, originally prompted by our desire to replace the stained beige carpet, and so we've cleared everything out. Aside from the fireplace, a few large cabinets, and a bookshelf, the place is empty.

I am listening to the first movement of *The Trout*, our "coming into the country" piece. Ah, how things have changed. We are far from my grandfather's 78's and my father's LP's. Now I am listening via my iPhone playing through a JBL portable speaker. And yet, eighty years after my grandfather's dying encounter with the *Quintet in C*, I am sitting here on a sunny day listening. Since we do not really know how fleeting thoughts color our listening experience, it is hard for me to know how far such things as Morris Beckerman, the cleaning of my father's library, and questions about whether and how our family's relationship to Schubert involved "whiteness", resonate. Still, to me, *The Trout* speaks of love, joy, and lighter things.

But what of darker things: limit situations, fraught historical moments in which music plays a significant role, final farewells? In the last two chapters of this book we will ask how the things one comes to know can profoundly shape the background out from which one engages with a work.

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4. Leave Me Alone, or Dvořák's Doctrine of One

Of course, sometimes our failures—our worst reviews, our crash and burn moments—are the most enjoyable to remember, and the ones from which we learn the most. One of the nastiest reviews I have ever received was by a writer named David Hurwitz who absolutely loathed the liner notes, cast in the form of a double interview I did with cellist Jan Vogler, for his recording of Dvořák's *Cello Concerto* with the New York Philharmonic.[1] Vogler had called one day out of the blue saying, 'After reading your book, I played the concerto differently'. My reaction was mixed—part of me was flattered; another part, seized by musicological paranoia, thought only half-jokingly, 'Oh, so now it's my fault!' But Vogler was persuasive, and convinced me to write liner notes for the piece, something I usually undertake with about the same pleasure I reserve for a visit to the dentist. Actually, I had one condition: I would do my best to provide the historical background if he would explain how it happens that a performer reads a book and then touches hand to instrument in a different way.

We agreed that I would try to supply some information about the circumstances of composition, and in particular, flesh out the idea that Dvořák had inserted some puzzling material into the *Concerto* along the lines of what we might call romantic secrets. Vogler, in turn, would endeavor to explain how the information he encountered had changed his performance.

1 The review in question: David Hurwitz, 'The Secrets of Dvorák's Cello Concerto', *Classics Today*, 21 November 2005, https://www.classicstoday.com/review/review-12194/. The recording in question: Antonín Dvořák, *Cello Concerto in B minor, Op. 104*, Jan Vogler, New York Philharmonic, cond. David Robertson (Sony, 2006).

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While some seemed to appreciate our attempt to do something fresh, Mr. Hurwitz was utterly dismissive, describing the notes as 'self-serving', 'a touch lacking in academic rigor', a 'schmooze fest', not to mention that he threw in random words like 'nonsense' and 'yapping'. His main point, aside from the evident pleasure he took in his liner-note shaming, was that our contention that parts of the *Cello Concerto*, especially its conclusion, had something unusual to do with Dvořák's relationship to his sister-in-law was, to put it plainly, complete bullshit. You know how, when making an argument, you sometime try to hedge it with careful disclaimers? Well, I am here to tell you that you should probably stop wasting your time as anyone determined to eviscerate you will pay no attention to any qualifiers and will just go straight for the jugular.

I was so puzzled by this review, and the acrimony reflected in it, that I invited Mr. Hurwitz out to lunch, and over what I remember as a rather pleasant table, we agreed to disagree and I have quite friendly feelings and admiration for him. His point, if I am reconstructing it fairly, was that there is no story other than the music, and that the so-called story is not only beside the point, but a distraction; at most it might be useful to acknowledge that Dvořák quoted a song his sister-in-law had loved.

Perhaps, by beginning this chapter in this way, I am trying somehow to recoup the experience of being attacked and so blithely dismissed; it would not be the first time I have done so. And the other occasion also involved Dvořák—eventually. I was once asked to give a pre-concert talk on a program of Erwin Schulhoff's music. I arrived, ready to give my talk only to find that the organizer wanted me to speak between numbers. I told her I did not think it was a good idea (musicians famously dislike sitting there while "scholars" drone on) but she persisted. Fine, I thought, why fight? I made some opening remarks, and then, as I remember it, said a few words after the second piece as well. But when I started to introduce the third number, a woman in the third row (one doesn't forget which row in such a case) uttered the words we pre-concert speakers/musicologists dread most: 'Hey, can you stop talking? It's a concert you know!' At that moment, I had the sense, wrongly as it turns out, that others were nodding in agreement. Talk about feeling as if you have been caught with your pants down! I got that out of my system by engineering a talk at Lincoln Center in New York where I began

giving an earnest, well-meaning but boring talk about the *New World Symphony*. Slowly people started heckling, 'You don't know what you're talking about!' and then 'You weren't there'. People started walking up onto the stage, and of course it turned out they were actors I had hired to play the roles of Dvořák's contemporaries, who then hoisted me off the stage so they could tell the story in their own words. Everyone deals with trauma differently.

But here I am, so many years later, still struggling with the Dvořák *Cello Concerto* and with those same questions of musical and "extra-musical" meaning, or as some would have it, also "texts" and "paratexts", though I have come to believe that in many cases the paratext is the text. I am also still asking whether our interventions are worth anything at all. So, as we explore the "Doctrine of One", we find ourselves returning to the question of whether "evidence" is useful in such cases, and whether our attempts to investigate what a work might have meant to its creator have any value. But, as above, we bring an enormous amount of baggage, of all kinds, to our engagement with music.

Now, we are probably too savvy to think that Dvořák's own view of the piece is something everyone should, or even could, share. But it is not entirely appropriate to say that it is irrelevant either. Much depends, of course, on what one thinks an "artwork" is in this sense: whether, as a matter of purity, it should somehow be protected from the rest of the world and from experience, or whether the stories told around it deserve to become part of its meaning—and then whether those stories become, as above, part of the text.

Before continuing, it might be useful to note the stakes in this particular case. This is not only a great cello concerto, but one of the most important works of the nineteenth century. And not just because I say it is; this isn't just a rhetorical flourish. The *Concerto* is a staple of the repertoire; it is also the "other" bookend from Dvořák's American years, with the *New World Symphony* on the other side. It was written at a time when the composer was on the virtual cusp of a life-changing artistic move: after the *Concerto* he never again composed an orchestral work without a programme, without a story. With the *Concerto*, he left behind forever the world of symphonies and concertos, composing only operas and symphonic poems. We know that the first bookend, the 1893 *New World Symphony*, was deeply influenced by Dvořák's encounter with

Longfellow's *Song of Hiawatha*. While we know less about any stories that might inhabit this *Concerto*, it is not far-fetched to imagine that such stories were present in Dvořák's mind at this stage of life, especially in light of his future artistic direction.

As part of any attempt, then, to speak of individual readings, it would be useful to go through what we have learned so far about the *Cello Concerto* in the last 125 years since it was composed. This will engage us in something I call the "historical algorithm", although that is arguably too grand an expression for the fairly simple idea I have in mind. Most arguments based on historical evidence are multi-faceted; in other words, they rarely depend on a single fact, document, or artifact, or on the claim that one piece of evidence alone can prove very much. Generally, we tend to string "pearls" of evidence together, and to strain the metaphor, try to make a sturdy necklace from them. In my experience, however, most of these arguments draw on different kinds and sets of facts, together with various bits of evidence, some as close to beyond doubt as anything from the past can be, and others more contextual or speculative. And the "algorithm" tries to figure out whether combining things you are sure of and things you are less sure of amounts to anything, and just how we should think of that. For if we have two factoids about which we are 90% sure, and then we find something else about which we are 75% sure we may have the feeling we have made our argument stronger. Yet from a mathematical point of view (90x90x75) the probability of the whole thing being correct is around 60%. This is worth keeping in mind, even if, once again, the actual numbers do not always add up. Let me turn, then, to some of the incontrovertible facts surrounding the *Cello Concerto* that pertain to my particular interest in the work, and see where the Doctrine of One and the historical algorithm take us.

Fact no. 1: after the concerto's second movement opens with a hymn-like passage, sharply interrupted by music that recalls one of the composer's funeral marches, Dvořák inserts a quotation from one of his *Love Songs, Op. 82,* 'Lasst mich allein'. Let's stop here for a moment. Sadly, or perhaps happily, "facts" are not always as simple as we think they are. After all, the "song" in this case comprises only a sequential passage in G minor. How can we be sure that it refers to this particular song, especially since the quotation comes from an interior moment in the song? In one review of Vogler's CD the writer inexplicably claimed

to hear no similarity at all between the song and the passage in question. Most listeners, however, find the connection convincing, and I think that its pedigree becomes unmistakable when the opening passage of the same song—almost identical, but now in a major key—appears in the coda of the *Concerto*'s final movement.

It is this coda which has given rise to a great deal of speculation, and here we are closing in on Fact no. 2: after finishing the *Concerto* in New York, Dvořák returned to it and added a coda that includes several reminiscences of the *Concerto*'s very opening, the song quotation already mentioned, and then a string of colorful passages that seem to combine pastoral, funereal, and romantic modes of musical thought. But this is precisely when things become complicated: the song quotation is real, and it appears in two places in the *Concerto*; the recollection of the work's opening is also unequivocal. Elements like the "pastoral mode in music" constitute another whole kind of evidence, and quite honestly, in the absence of black-robed mourners, how can you be sure something is a funeral march unless it is marked '*Marche funebre*' like the opening of the composer's *Wood Dove,* and even then...

That is almost the extent of the hard evidence: Dvořák quoted his song in the second movement, after what I've called an interruption, and quoted it again in the coda after rewriting the ending. As far as we know, he died without leaving a single note about what the quotation might mean. However, this brings us to the part that so frustrated Mr. Hurwitz, and to be fair, plenty of others as well. Because Vogler and I, depending on how you look at it, either believed that the song offered evidence of a possible secret relationship between Dvořák and his sister-in-law, or more likely, chose to "try on" that interpretation as part of an experiment to see what it might do to the performance (remember Vogler's: 'I played it differently when I read your book'), some felt we were actually depriving the *Concerto* of meaning by tying it to an overly literal reading.

But first let me sketch out another kind of evidence: a few possible facts made up of things found and things lost. Then we can see whether we have built little more than a delusional castle in the air, or whether there might be some solid ground beneath our feet.

My colleague and friend David Beveridge has spent more than a decade revising Otakar Šourek's four-volume biography of Dvořák, and

he recently sent me a comprehensive file containing virtually all the existing information he could find about the relationship between the *Cello Concerto* and Josefina.[2] Since this book is not primarily concerned with proving things or providing irrefutable evidence, we will not use that material to press the case in one direction or another. Instead, once again, we will ask what the story might imply for an audience or listener; whether the information Beveridge presents matters at all, especially if one adopts the "score is everything" view that would find such stories as distractions at best; and whether we can draw a viable parallel between Dvořák and Hugo Haas. In other words, we will ask whether aspects of the *Concerto* may exist for an audience of one, and whether looking over that person's shoulder can have value for us, as I strongly believe it does for our understand of Hugo Haas' work.

Since we have offered almost all the evidence that is certain—the quotation of the song and that Dvořák rewrote the ending of the composition to quote it again—we should, before going forward, approach the matter from the other side and be clear about what we do not know. There is no contemporary evidence, that is evidence from 1895, directly connecting Josefina to the *Concerto*. Nor is there any proof that 'Lasst mich allein' was her favorite song. There are also no contemporary documents by Dvořák, Josefina, or anyone else suggesting that he was in love with her at any point; and there is nothing concrete at all to support what I have elsewhere called the "Romance Novel" theory: the idea that he carried a torch for her throughout his life, and that the *Concerto* was a secret love offering.

Of course, the whole matter is made more treacherous by what I call the paradox of secrets. As we have seen in the works of Hugo Haas, and as we shall see in Gideon Klein's final work, creators who hide things in their artwork do not usually tell many people about it, if they tell anyone at all. While somehow, Hugo told Bill Spicer's unidentified source about using Pavel's tune in *Pickup*, to my knowledge he never told a soul about Pavel's photograph, although it is of course possible that he might have discussed it with several people. We do not, therefore, expect there to be a notation in Dvořák's score with an arrow saying 'LOOK: secret here'. That means,

2 I am deeply grateful to Dr. Beveridge for making this information available to me. His scholarship around this, and other issues related to the composer, is meticulous and ground-breaking, and parts of this chapter depend heavily on his work.

as it so often does, that the absence of evidence is not necessarily evidence of absence, nor is it an invitation to build a conspiracy theory. We might turn, however, to another source we do have.

Fact no. 3: Beveridge determines clearly that information tying Josefina to the *Concerto* came from Dvořák's son-in-law, Josef Suk, himself a wonderful composer, violinist and leader of the Bohemian String Quartet. It was Josef Květ who revealed Suk as the source, and he also claimed to be relaying the story exactly as Suk told it to him in 1933, although Beveridge thinks he may have elaborated a bit (see how complicated the past is!). So even if we have one fact, namely information attributed to Suk, we still do not know where Suk got it from, why it lay dormant for so many years, or which parts of it are more or less plausible. In fact, the story has at least four parts: first, that Dvořák had been in love with Josefina before he married her sister; second that he wrote a song cycle *The Cypresses* for Josefina; third that 'Lasst mich allein' was a favorite of Josefina's; and fourth that Dvořák placed the song in the *Concerto* as a tribute to her; with a fourth-and-a-half possibility that the "ancient" love was in fact rather more active.[3]

We may ask, of course, why there is no mention of this in the intervening years. Dvořák died in 1904, so why did Suk only open up in 1933 and reveal these, well, secrets? Obviously, there may be many answers, including ones that could never occur to us, but the most obvious is that Dvořák's wife, Anna, had died in 1931. If this was, indeed, private information, it would have been problematic, not to say scandalous, to reveal it while she was still alive. This does not establish, one way or another, whether the information was "true", but it does seem certain that Suk believed it was.

We might add one more piece of evidence, while admitting that it is far from anything like a smoking gun. Dvořák was quite firm that the ending of the piece should be performed exactly as he had written it, without any additions whatsoever, and this kind of care may suggest some kind of special meaning, too private to be advertised, too important to be altered. Writing to his publisher, Simrock, he stated:

3 There is also a kind of "fourth and a half", and that is the possibility that 'Lasst mich allein', is actually based on one of the songs from the 1865 *Cypresses*, '*Zde v lese u potoka*' [Here in the woods by the stream].

> I must insist that my work be published just as I have written it. I give you my work only if you promise me that no one – not even my esteemed friend Wihan – shall make any alteration in it without my knowledge and permission, also that there be no cadenza such as Wihan has made in the last movement. In short, it has to remain the way I have felt it and thought it out. The cadenza in the last movement is not in the score, nor in the piano reduction; I told Wihan as soon as he had shown it to me that it is not possible to cobble the work together in this manner. The finale ends gradually in a diminuendo, like a slow exhalation – with reminiscences from the first and second movements – the solo fades away to pp, then there is a crescendo, and the last measures are taken up by the orchestra, ending stormily. That is my idea and I cannot abandon it.

This of course leads us to another "big" question which is: how or why does any of this matter? How would the Josefina subtext affect any meaningful aspect of our relationship to the *Concerto* or its composer? I have had a chance to ask this question many times in relation to Dvořák's previous work of epic scope, the *New World Symphony*, for with the *New World* Dvořák actually tells us something about the sources of his inspiration, not only revealing sonic influences from African-American music, but also citing specific scenic moments from Longfellow's *The Song of Hiawatha* that formed part of his creative process. And when I say 'reveal', I mean that Dvořák wanted the audience at the first performance of the work to know, via explicit textual references, that there was a relationship between the symphony and Longfellow's poem. The program notes for the premiere read, 'The second and third movements were written under the influence of Longfellow's *The Song of Hiawatha*, for which the composer has a profound admiration'. This is seconded by an interview the composer gave to the critic Henry Krehbiel of the *Daily Tribune* in the days before the premiere referring to the same two movements, but adding that the Largo was based on 'Hiawatha's Wooing', and the Scherzo on 'the place where the Indians dance'. In yet another interview in the *New York Herald* published the day of the premiere Dvořák explained an anomaly in the Largo: 'The second movement is an Adagio [sic]. But it is different to the classic works in this form. It is in reality a study or sketch for a longer work, either a cantata or opera which I purpose [sic] writing, and which

will be based upon Longfellow's "[Song of] Hiawatha"'.[4] While these documents in no way delegitimize approaches to the symphony that insist on its abstract purity, there is no doubt that early audiences were encouraged to connect the music they heard with a poem they almost certainly knew.

The next orchestral work Dvořák composed after the *Cello Concerto* premiered almost exactly three years after the *New World Symphony*. *The Water Goblin* was the first of Dvořák's symphonic poems based on legends by K.J. Erben—the composer had actually written the words to the poem underneath parts of the score in the original sketches. Although the great critic, Eduard Hanslick, expressed some surprise and dismay that Dvořák was abandoning the world of 'abstract music', this was in fact a path the composer had be following for years. And just as *Hiawatha* was well known to Dvořák's New York audience, his Czech listeners would have had no trouble recognizing which parts of the composition corresponded to Erben's poem.

It follows, then, that we must ask whether we are only entitled to make connections between stories and compositions when we have the composer's permission, or at least a certain kind of clear evidence. That would be rather like asking whether I should ignore Pavel's photo in several films simply because Hugo did not point me to it. To approach the matter, once again, from another direction: to erase Josefina from the *Concerto* we would have to ignore the elements of timing, accept that for "purely musical reasons" Dvořák did something he never had done before or since, which is to completely rewrite the end of a piece. We would then have to dismiss the testimony of Suk, who was not known to be particularly garrulous, nor a gossip.

What follows is a purely personal understanding of the *Cello Concerto*, and why "looking for meaning" in this case might be considered fair game. When the "secrets"—the funeral march and song quotation—appeared in the middle of the middle movement, one might consider them intended as private. For after all, middles are places of mystery, secrets, expression, passion, and death, precisely because they are "psycho-acoustically" weak—we remember best what we hear first and last. But when Dvořák conspicuously adds material at the very end of

4 Amusingly when a critic asked about the slow movement of his *Eighth Symphony*, the composer replied, 'It has a story, but I'm not going to tell you what it is'.

the work, material which contains another collection of possible secrets, these elements are too close to "the surface" to remain hidden.

It remains an open question whether one composes by instinct or intention, though one must admit, of course, that at some point the act of writing a piece requires a decision to begin with. Intention, then, is never entirely absent. But perhaps I am thinking of another kind of intention: the intention to tell this story and not that one. Certainly Dvořák intended to tell a special story in the coda, although that does not necessarily mean that it was a specific story. Let us begin by looking at what happens in the coda, while keeping in mind that writers like myself are magicians too in our way, so be aware of my own misdirection.

The coda, lasting almost a third of the entire movement, begins under the star of the pastoral, and this was present too in the short coda to the first version. The brass choir playing a slowed down, major key version of the movement's main theme reminds us of the opening of the *New World* Largo, which Dvořák had marked 'Beginning of a legend' in the original sketches. When this gateway opens up, we are ushered into a new world, a world of the pastoral and the outdoors with the cello leading us with its hunter's fifths over a drone. The pedal remains for the next phase, more than twenty-five measures, with flourishes in thirds. 'Off-stage' trumpets evoke a sense of space while the birds trill above—it is, in fact, one of the most beautiful passages in all of Dvořák's work. But the cello leads onward, and what it leads to is a pastoral version of the first four notes of concerto's opening theme played pianissimo by the clarinets in thirds over an F-sharp (dominant) pedal, giving a sense of weightlessness. This is followed by two statements of the second four notes of the main theme. The cello as guide becomes more insistent until it hovers also on the F-sharp. If one had any doubts that 'Lasst mich allein' was quoted in the second movement, its appearance at this key moment banishes them: we hear the opening bars of the song intact, in the original key on a solo violin, accompanied by the clarinets, before it descends, diminuendo with a devastating little trill, to match that constant dominant pedal. The cello leads on to a series of bold trills, and into these trills the concerto's main theme enters once again, but this time with the clarinet playing the identical notes that began the concerto an octave higher, over a subdominant, E minor chord. And now the first few notes repeat while the cello descends stepwise two octaves from its

trill on the high B. Under this, the timpani plays dotted rhythms. The theme continues, now the first three notes, with the cello, pianissimo playing a countermelody in B major until the end where a D-natural changes the mood. Then everything stops. A series of seemingly detached and unrelated chords, punctuated by odd rhythms lead to an andante maestoso, a four-bar chromatically rising crescendo from piano to fortissimo. The coda is over only when the slowed down version of the finale's theme closes the scene and we end with pastoral fanfares.

I guess I would say that what "happens" in the coda is, to some extent, a story told entirely in music, but that it may mean something slightly different if you know, or think you know, the story behind it. Now, whether one needs to know the specific story of Josefina, or only to sense that this is likely some kind of story about endings, funerals, and loss is not something I can say with certainty. What follows, then, is one possible reading: the cello serves as the guide through a specifically Elysian territory marked, as noted, by pastoral tones, birdsongs, and offstage hunters. I would imagine that the model here is the opening of the finale of Beethoven's Ninth where the celli and basses introduce the material from the first three movements. Into Dvořák's pastoral realm, then, comes the opening theme, again slowed down and now played by the clarinets. The composer clearly understood the mournful potential of the instruments when he asked rhetorically, as reported by his student Harry Patterson Hopkins: 'What can be more funereal than the low notes of the clarinet?'[5] This is followed by the love song played by the dying lover, also descending, bidding farewell forever with that little trill. It is not until we hear the theme, once again, this time in a minor key, that we realize that the entire *Concerto* has been under the sign of the funeral march. This is made even clearer when the timpani enters with the classic funereal dotted rhythm. Hopkins recalls another pungent statement by Dvořák: 'The tympany is a tragic instrument', he resumed impressively, 'when properly used. But who knows how to write for [it]? Ha! Ha!'[6]

With this the cello line subsides, and just as it subsides completely, it stops. Those mysterious measures then lead to the eruption that I understand as a final moment of passion, eerily similar to the last

5 Harry Patterson Hopkins, 'Student Days with Dvořák', *The Etude*, 30.5 (May 1912).
6 Ibid.

outburst at the conclusion of Dvořák's opera *Rusalka*.

Of course, it is foolish to argue that something that happens in an instrumental piece "means" the same thing as a similar passage in an opera or a programmatic work. But that should not make us back off entirely from noting such similarities. So, for example, if we know that the large orchestral work preceding the *Cello Concerto*, the *New World Symphony*, contained clear programmatic elements related to *The Song of Hiawatha*, and that the orchestral work that followed it, *The Water Goblin*, has a fully developed narrative based on Erben's ghastly poem—both of which would have been familiar to audiences—then the notion that the *Cello Concerto* also might have programmatic elements is not far-fetched.

Beveridge argues cogently in his notes that you do not need Josefina to account for the ending of the *Cello Concerto*. And I suppose one can make that argument. But then we have to ask whether that means that you actually do not need *The Song of Hiawatha* to account for certain aspects of the *New World* and whether Erben's poem is possibly extraneous to *The Water Goblin*. At least in the two orchestral compositions surrounding the *Cello Concerto*—even if one did believe that too much awareness of such a program would be a rude distraction from the abstraction of the *Cello Concerto*—those things would certainly matter in our attempts to study the creative practice of the composer.

Beveridge further suggests that making a big fuss over Dvořák's return to the *Concerto*'s opening bars in the coda ignores the fact that Dvořák in many cases did use opening material in the final movement. And of course, we only have to think of such things as the two serenades, for wind and strings, the 'American' suite and the *Fifth Symphony*. But as I shall try to show, the *way* Dvořák invokes the opening theme and its contexts are suggestive.

So now we have to ask if we can accept, again whether or not Josefina is in the mix, if the coda is a clear example of musical storytelling. At the same time, we must keep in mind that even if we do find conspicuous musical similarities between the *New World Symphony* (death of Minnehaha), *Rusalka* (death of the Prince) and the *Cello Concerto* (death of ?) that could mean that this is "just" the way Dvořák's imagination works—he likes this combination of elements: dying, death, funeral marches, love songs, etc. and they do not necessarily have any real meaning outside of the abstract world of the piece.

If we compare the end of coda to the end of *Rusalka*... well, you cannot say *Rusalka* doesn't have a story, and as before, you cannot say with any certainty that something that might "mean" something in an opera means the same thing in a concerto. But we can suggest that the stories of death and love are similar. That proves nothing, but might, to some, *suggest* something.

This may be time to admit that for the most part, we cannot think and listen intently at the same time. In fact, thinking about names, dates, objects, specific harmonic activity, removes us from a primary engagement with a work. So, while I do not think we can easily imagine specifics as we engage with a work, we can listen to something *as if* it contained an astonishing secret.

Whether it was the anomaly of the coda that fascinated people so that they were incredibly open to Suk's "explanation", or rather that Suk's opening up about the secrets around the *Concerto* occasioned that new look at the coda, or indeed both, a theory of the *Concerto* around Josefina is not simply far-fetched or inappropriate. It is one of the possible inferences one can draw from the concerto and the discussion surrounding it. The Doctrine of One insists that even if something in the *Concerto* were truly known only to one person, Dvořák himself, it might still be immensely valuable, and might continue to serve as a powerful metaphor for how personally we all always engage with musical works.

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5. Shooting the Wild Goose: Klein's Terezín *Trio* and Freedom

Knowing stuff is hard, harder than one thinks. I have been thinking about Gideon Klein's *String Trio* for more than twenty years. I have spoken about it in several venues, written many different kinds of commentary about it, and my hope is that these efforts form something like a spiral: that by returning to this piece again and again, I am gradually drawing closer to something. But one never really knows.[1]

The basic facts are simple, or rather the simple facts are not so simple, since "simple facts" often open up onto unanswerable questions. Klein's *Trio* was probably the last important composition written in the Terezín Ghetto, a transit camp forty miles north of Prague where, for propaganda purposes, something like a cultural life was allowed to exist, and even to flourish. There was theater, cabaret, even opera, and several powerful compositions were created there, including this one by Klein. Terezín was a horrible place where people died in huge numbers, and from where tens of thousands were transported to Auschwitz and gassed. But it was also a place that, at times, had a weird kind of normalcy. For

1 These include 'Gideon Klein at 100, His Cello Scream at 75', *Torso eines Lebens. Der Komponist und Pianist Gideon Klein* (*1919-1945*). *Symposium 13./14. Dezember 2019 Von Bockel Verlag: Neumünster*, 2020; 'Slow Dissolves, Full Stops and Interruptions: Terezín, Censorship and the Summer of 1944', *Oxford Handbook on Music and Censorship* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2017), pp. 389–411 ; 'Oh, the Stories We Tell: Performer-Audience-Disability', *Oxford Handbook of Music and Disability Studies* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2015), pp. 293–304; 'Terezín as Reverse Potemkin Ruin', in *Inhabited Ruins* (London: Palgrave MacMillan, 2013); 'What Kind of Historical Document is a Musical Score?', *Orel Foundation Website*, April, 2010: 'Klein the Janáčkian', *Muiscologica Brunensia Festschrift for Jiří Vysloužil* (Brno, 2009). 'Postcard From Prague, Trio from Terezín', *Music and Politics* 1.1 (Winter 2007), https://doi.org/10.3998/mp.9460447.0001.101.

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example, when I asked harpsichordist Zuzana Ružíčková, who we will meet again at the end of this chapter, whether she ever attended any of Klein's concerts, she answered tartly, 'No. I didn't want to miss my Latin lessons!'

There are some things about the *Trio* we can establish because the manuscript survived, and because the chain of provenance is clear, leading from Klein's girlfriend Irma Semecká to his sister Eliška, and finally to its present home in the Terezín Archive. All the movements are dated. So, for example, we know that the last movement was completed on 7 October 1944. The work consists of three movements: two shorter outer movements, and a longer central movement, a theme and variations on a mournful Moravian folksong: *Tá kněždubská věž* [The Knezdub Tower].[2] There are no sketches for the movement, and no completely reliable commentary on it survives from the composer or anyone else. That is all.

Of course, there are other "facts" about the *Trio* that may be considered real evidence, including expressive markings in the manuscript, and other indications; pitches and rhythms; sections marked *con sordino*, and so on.

In several studies, I have raised further questions. For example, we know precisely which song Klein used for his set of variations, and we know the text most commonly associated with it:

> The Knezdub tower is high,
> The Knezdub tower is high,
> A wild goose flew up to it.
> Flew over it

Yet, we cannot be certain about whether Klein intended this text to be part of the meaning of the *Trio*, although that is a likely connection to make. While the original "tower" in the village of Knezdub is a church, the word and concept had a far darker resonance in Terezín.

2 I am grateful to the Ethnographer and singer Dušan Holý for his insight into the history and nature of this song.

Fig. 44 Church of St. John the Baptist in Kněždub. Photo by Palickap (2013), Wikimedia, https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Kn%C4%9B%C5%BEdub,_kostel.jpg, CC BY 4.0.

Fig. 45 Entrance to Terezín. Photo by Andrew Shiva (2013), Wikimedia, https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Czech-2013-Terezin-Theresienstadt-Arbeit_macht_frei.JPG, CC BY 4.0.

And certainly, most Moravians would have recognized the song, and understood that the wild goose it invoked is a symbol of freedom, just as it is in Pavel Haas' *Chinese Songs*, composed in Terezín (and also in fact, in the original eighth-century poem by Wei Yingwu which Haas draws upon).

Further, I have come to believe that there are also several quotations or allusions to various compositions embedded in the *Trio*, including most notably a reference to Mahler's *Kindertotenlieder* in the first variation, and Schubert's *Gretchen am Spinnrade* in the Finale, and probably several others. And at the same time, we understand that even if we could all agree that these were specific quotations, it would be impossible to know exactly what they meant. And of course, the more the fraught circumstances around this composition permeate our imaginations, the more likely we are to find things that might or might not be there.

While I have thought deeply about this *Trio*, and thought about the young man writing it, wondering whether he knew what was in store for him and how he thought about it all, there is a moment in the work I have thought about most deeply. We have seen how certain kinds of potent musical events are set aside by interruptions, whether it is the lovely love song evoked in Pavel Haas' quartet 'From the Monkey Mountains', or the dramatic funeral march from Dvořák's *Cello Concerto*, or even David's harsh 'Shut up!' in *Girl on the Bridge*. There is an interruption in the middle of the middle of the *Trio* that is equally striking, and there are other kinds of evidence that mark the moment as something of obvious importance.

The fifth variation of the *Trio* is marked *Andante mesto, espressivo,* and *con sordino*. Though different in musical material, the opening of the variation has some of the *espressivo* reminiscence character of Pavel's Monkey Mountain love song. The variation grows gradually in intensity until, after the violin and viola create a kind of musical colon, the cello decisively interrupts.
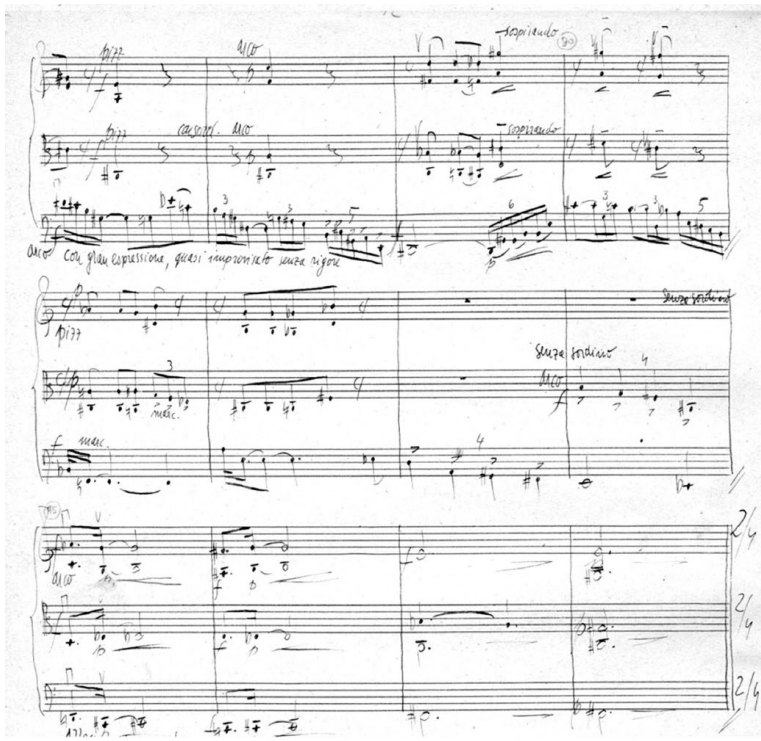
Fig. 46 Gideon Klein, 1944, *Trio for Strings*.

There's no way to know whether Klein, at this point in his life, considering his situation, would have thought in terms of an audience or a specific performer, but he made no mistake about his intent for the passage to be both powerful and unusual. First, he instructs the cellist to play the dramatic opening gesture of the solo both *forte* and muted, *con sordino*. Further, he "overmarks" the part with the words, *con gran espressione senza rigore quasi improvisato* [with great expression, without strictness, as if improvised]. (When I first showed this passage to cellist Jan Vogler, telling him nothing about it or its contexts, he said, 'it looks like someone is trying to scream but is being choked'.)

Before Terezín, Klein was a wunderkind, on his way to success as a piano virtuoso, a composer and a musicologist when the skies darkened in the late 1930s. Unable to get out of the country, he went

"underground" for a while, performing under the name 'Karel Vránek' ['Charles the Crow']. He was taken to Terezín in one of the earliest transports in 1941, and quickly established himself there as a brilliant force, working with children, becoming part of Terezín's rich cultural life, and serving as accompanist for the famous performances of Verdi's *Requiem*, echoes of which may be heard in the variation featuring the cello interruption. Several women survivors in their nineties who I interviewed still blushed and gushed about Klein's beauty and brilliance. He arranged lively choruses based on Czech folk songs and a gorgeous lullaby in Hebrew. Before starting on the *Trio* in the summer of 1944 Klein composed a profound meditation on life and death in the form of a madrigal on a German text by Hölderlin, as well as writing several avant-garde works. He even made up little ditties for the girls as part of their singing instruction. As one irony, and a testament to the roiling political climate of our own time, one of the charming songs he taught the girls in the camp, which they gleefully remembered and sang for me over seven decades later, was titled '*Cushi ba mi Afrika*'. *Cushi*, deriving from the dark-skinned people of Cush, was a neutral term at the time. We have no sense that to these young singers it meant anything more or less than 'Black people come from Africa'. But in recent decades in Israel, the word has taken on a toxic quality and has become a nasty racial epithet, directed at people of color. Thus, Klein's sweet little song, intoned by camp prisoners, is today unsingable, at least with its original words.

Considering the proximity of the *Trio*'s composition and completion to Klein's transport to Auschwitz, along with some of its special features, it is easy to make causal assumptions between events. Thus, we might come to conclude that the *Trio* was somehow "about" camp life, as Klein's sister implied in her only comments on the work—she also called it 'a message to future generations'—or that it offers a still more devastating portrait of psychological desperation. However, we have already suggested that so-called "facts" can be deeply misleading. Consider what was written at the beginning of this chapter: 'each movement of the manuscript is dated'. That would seem to imply that we know when the *Trio* was written since Klein has carefully dated all the movements, starting with the first on 5 September 1944. And this is helpful, and yet not: because we have no idea when he began the

work; whether, for example, he started it in August, allowing a month for each of the movements which make sense going by the other dates; or whether he began the work a year or more earlier, and only made sure to write it down when he sensed the end of his time in Terezín was near. And of course, we have no idea whether Gideon actually spoke to his sister about the *Trio*, or whether her remarks about its relationship to events in Terezín and posterity only emerged after the work was first performed after the war in a special concert in 1946.

Even Klein's conspicuous stylistic shift evident in the *Trio* could muddy the waters concerning the dates of composition. Pavel Haas' biographer, Lubomir Peduzzi, argues that Klein's return from a certain international modernism to the musical Moravianisms of both Janáček and Vitězslav Novák, was a result of his contact with Pavel Haas, whose *Study for Strings*, as we noted earlier, embraces aspects of Moravian folk music.[3] But Haas' work was written in 1943, so it is possible that Klein's inspiration dates back to that period as well; in fact, the *Trio* could have been started then, and only finished on the dates the manuscript records; again there are no sketches for the piece. What we end up knowing, in other words, the things we are sure about, are in reality somewhat random fragments of fragments. And the trouble with "context" is that the more one investigates it, the more random and arbitrary it can seem, particularly when it comes to which shards of the past happen to survive and which do not. In that spirit we may recall that Klein's girlfriend in the camp, Irma Semecká, wrote in an essay about him a year after his death, that he was interested in pursuing a career in conducting and that 'he also was very absorbed with the *cello* as an instrument, and I think that those who knew him believed he would have established himself in both these areas'.[4] Again, this comment survives as if by chance, and yet, together with the expressive markings, it also suggests that there are a variety of reasons to approach the cello passage with special care: possibly as something autobiographical while at the same time also understanding that there is a risk that by doing so, we are distorting the composition.

3 See Peduzzi's *Pavel Haas* (1993) and his *Musik im ghetto Theresienstadt* (2005).

4 From: Irma Semecká, *Vzpomínka na Gideona Kleina* (*Listopad 1945*) [Reminiscence of Gideon Klein (November 1945)], typescript, Jewish Museum, Prague, trans. Pavel Kodytek, pp. 2–3, http://ca.jewishmuseum.cz/index.php/Detail/Object/Show/object_id/441636.

But let's jump ahead to the most extreme possible interpretation for this passage, and call it a "fact-based fantasy", historical fiction, or any other term that allows us both to take it seriously and distance ourselves from it at the same time, as we shall do here. The date at the end of the second movement is marked 21 September 1944. Because of Klein's closeness to the camp leadership, his general intelligence and position as a "prominent person" in Terezín, we shall assume that he had been told, or had figured out for himself, that enormous transports were imminent, and that those transports to the "East" were in fact passages to a death camp. The solo is thus an impossible moment: it is simultaneously a message in a bottle and a primal scream. Klein wants, in the middle of a seemingly innocuous series of folksong variations, to tell the world that the charade of Terezín is just that: a fake, and the roiling, agonized world of the solo is how things truly were. And at the same time, he combines his skill with his fear and dread, his desperation and anguish, and puts it all in this choked solo, descending two full octaves into the depths, only to rise so it can undertake a mournful chromatic fall. Seen, or rather heard, from that point of view, the solo is like Pavel's photo in *Girl on the Bridge*. Tucked away in the middle, it is nonetheless the most important moment in the work; an extreme view might even say that it is the only thing that really matters, and that the rest of the *Trio* is just a dream, a pretext for that moment.

In this way, the cello solo might be considered an even more fraught statement than this outburst from 1944, recorded by Klein's girlfriend Irma Semecká, a year after his death:

> 'I've been here for three years', [Klein] said suddenly, 'and I'm so beaten up that I think I'll never be normal again. That I will never erase these years of my life ... and it's not over yet. – I don't know if I'll ever come back. – If at least that were certain...' [...] 'If you knew', he continued, speaking bitterly, 'how well I know everything here. The pain. The misery. I came here among the first ones when there was really nothing and I already know everything. Everything. And it was perhaps better at the beginning than now that they have given us all the relief with the orchestra in the square! I know what it is. I know and I can predict everything that will happen. Nothing will surprise me anymore'.[5]

5 Ibid. I am indebted to Pavel Kodytek for his translation of this passage.

While it is tempting to assume that the cello solo reflects Klein's circumstances as expressed in his speech, the above paragraphs of my "historical fiction" raise an almost infinite number of unanswerable questions. Isn't it possible or even likely that Klein's main priority at this moment was to "simply" create a great artwork, and therefore something *stylized*, by definition, distanced from his actual thoughts and sensations, either (and here's another mirror within a mirror) to ultimately create a better illusion of what he is experiencing, or on the opposite end of the scale, to create a "well made" masterpiece *that needs no context*, that indeed would be tarnished by too much context?

As a thought experiment, let us imagine prior to, say, writing a program note about the *Trio*, we have actually proved all the assertions in the previous paragraph and unanimously agree that the cello solo is Klein's autobiographical response to the horrors that surround him and his likely fate. Is it then absolutely critical for the listener to know this story in order to "properly" experience the piece? Or even with complete proof, can we go no further than understanding such things should be filtered through the imagination of *the cellist* who will in turn understand that this moment deserves extraordinary care? Yet, we may also ask if paying special attention to one part of the piece means that we are, in effect, distorting it, or even worse, destroying it, as if the solo were a secret embedded in a painting that could only be revealed by cutting the picture open? And finally, if this passage expresses such things as suffering, anguish, fear, regret, or any of a thousand other things, are we actually meant to *feel* those things as we listen, or just kind of "tick them off" in our imaginations ('he's suffering, but I'm not!'), or only reflect on them later?

These questions cannot be answered, or at the very least, there will be no agreement about the answers. An experiment I undertook in Germany, though, does point out the stakes, and how our listening experiences can be contingent on what we happen to know, what we think we know, or what we have been told. Along with Jan Vogler and as part of the Moritzburg Music Festival, we arranged to have the *Trio* performed in a church, and further decided that people sitting on one side of the aisle would get detailed program notes with much of the information I have outlined above, while the other side would get... nothing. After the performance, which we also filmed, we interviewed audience members about their general response. Those who received

no information tended to speak of the piece as 'lovely' 'folksy', 'a little Czechish composition'; while those who had received the program notes said things like, 'This is one of the great tragic statements of the twentieth century'. The Doctrine of One: we are susceptible to what we happen to know, but also how we feel at a given moment, the way our bodies and hearing apparatuses work, and the level of intensity we might bring to the experience. I simply cannot say that an audience in the United States or Japan would have had the same reaction to an audience listening not far from Dresden.

On the other hand, one cannot completely ignore the importance of context, and if those who write books and articles have a right to "intention", it seems silly to deny such a thing to creative artists like Klein. But as I am suggesting here, even with the greatest care and the best intentions, the context we can imagine is, at best, a fairly wild guess, and, after all, the program notes I passed out could have been filled with misleading things.

For example, we noted that one of the "factual facts" about the piece is the relationship of the second movement to the song *The Kněždub Tower*. Klein must have known the opening verse of the song, which occurs in all the versions I could locate. But we know little about which of the many textual variants of the subsequent verses that were circulating he might have had in mind, and if he knew any of those second or third verses at all, and which ones they might have been. This could be important, because in several variants the second verse tells 'Johnny' to go get a rifle, aim at the tower and shoot the goose. A third verse goes on to say 'He shot the goose, shot it twice. Farewell young swain, you have betrayed your sweetheart. A thousand farewells'. We can easily imagine that this too may be part of the piece: in other words, as we noted earlier, the so-called surrounding material, the "paratext", is the text.

Is there any way, then, to know whether the cello solo demonstrates Klein's knowledge that he is going to the fires of hell? Let us return to our "fiction" with skepticism. Klein might not have known about any upcoming transports, and still less about what fate awaited him. And is my notion sustainable that the slow movement, especially the cello solo, is really what the piece is "about"? In the end, too, we always must remind ourselves that composers are quite capable, under any circumstances no matter how grave, of using their circumstances as a pretext for musical design, and further, that writing history is more like a weather prediction

than anything else. For example, back to our historical algorithm: if we believe that there is an 80% chance that Klein knew about the transports, and also an 80% chance he knew about the death camps (remember, there is no evidence of any of this) does that mean the two "likely" scenarios combine to suggest a great likelihood that he knew both, or rather the opposite, that the likelihood of both being true is now something like 64%.

Should we then end this section with either our hands thrown up into the air or offer, as a corrective, a disturbing gloss on artistic ruthlessness? Is it possible that Váchal, Dvořák, Haas, Schubert, and Klein are not, actually, communicating to us the way they feel, their spirit, but actually consciously *using* their situations as pretexts for dreaming up what are ultimately powerful, abstract scenarios? In this model, Dvořák uses the idea of his sister-in-law's illness and death (which he projects months before she dies) as the pretext for a kind of romantic novel in which he stars as the cello; Hugo sticks his brother's photo to extend the thick texture of the noir genre even as it remains invisible; Váchal's Nazi images are "simply" a stimulus to his artistic imagination, and Klein's scream comes out the way an actor operates, not the way a human being lives a life. Have we made "meaning" out of wholecloth?

Klein's Last Concert

Of course, nothing is simple. Whatever someone might take away from the information offered above, that's not necessarily the whole story. There are things about Klein's fate that have colored perceptions of the *Trio*. Most notably, nine days after finishing the composition according to the manuscript, on 16 October 1944, Klein, along with 1500 others, was transported from Terezín, where he had been for almost three years, to Auschwitz on Transport Er. After passing through the process of selection several days later, which his fellow composers Haas, Ullmann, and Krasa were not able to do (they were killed the day of their arrival), he was sent off to Fürstengrube, one of the satellite camps of Auschwitz devoted to mining. Although there is an undated letter in his hand from this camp (asking for food) the last fully verified sighting of Klein occurred shortly after his arrival in Fürstengrube. Composer and biographer Milan Slavický interviewed the witness in 1974 and wrote the following in his biography (my additions are indicated by square brackets):

> We have another eyewitness testimony that tells us how strongly Gideon Klein was attached to high artistic values and how deeply he was engulfed in his musical world: when Klein and his fellow-prisoners arrived from Oswieczim in Furstengrube they were herded together for a medical [examination]. They waited in line, absolutely naked, guarded by an SS [officer]. In the totally empty room was a piano and the SS [officer], probably bored with the long waiting, asked the prisoners whether anybody could play the piano. Klein came forward and as naked as all the others played something from his repertoire. The eyewitness was not a musician and did not recognize the piece, yet to this day he remembers Klein's playing and is convinced that had Klein played something to the guard's liking (a waltz, a ditty, or something of that kind) he could have alleviated his fate and perhaps even saved his life. Klein did not do it and did not save his life. Even in this degrading situation he remained true to his soul—the soul of a genuine artist.[6]

Is there any way to reimagine this bizarre and disturbing event, and possibly even figure out just what piece Klein played at this "concert"?

Google Gideon Klein and the first thing that comes up is a Wikipedia article that identifies Klein as a Czechoslovakian pianist, classical music composer, educator and organizer of cultural life at Theresienstadt concentration camp. Another short article, provided by the Czech Music Information Center states that his 'tragic death' was 'one of the heaviest losses for Czech music' and that Klein was 'brought up immersed in Czech cultural traditions'.

What should we make of designations such as 'Czechoslovakian pianist'—invoking a country that no longer exists, or the notion that Klein was, 'immersed in Czech cultural traditions'? All those words have so many possible meanings that together they could signify almost anything. It could mean that Klein was immersed in the intellectual program the leaders and teachers of the National Awakening had determined must be taken as Czech (as opposed to, say, German). Or it could suggest that he overcame the dual handicap of being both Moravian and Jewish to emerge as a "real" Czech (or Czechoslovak) patriot (if "Czech" means, in addition to "not German", also "not Jewish" and "not Moravian").

On other websites Klein appears entirely as Jewish composer, or a

6 Milan Slavický, *Gideon Klein. A Fragment of Life and Work* (Prague: Helvetica Tempora, 1995), p. 22.

Moravian Jew or a Czech Jew; while his present-day publisher, Boosey & Hawkes calls him a 'Moravian composer', suggesting a putative Janáčkian breakaway tradition. Still other places localize him as a 'Terezín composer'. We might wonder, considering the competing identities he collects, what the various writers think they mean: do words like 'Jewish composer' simply designate a composer of Jewish background, or a composer who is being Jewish when he composes, a composer whose ineffable Jewishness informs his ineffable music? Does the Czech Music Information Center therefore imply that Klein is somehow Czech at the point of composition? Or are all these simply labels on a spice box? And could any of them help us narrow down Klein's final musical choices for his final cello outburst or his final concert?

Here follows a list of the pieces Klein is known to have played in public, with the pieces played in Terezín given in boldface with the number of performances if that is available:

Bach, **Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue**, **Toccata and Fugue in C Major** (9 times);
Chorale Preludes
Beethoven, *Sonata in D Minor, Op.31, no. 2*; *Piano Concerto no. 4*; ***Piano Sonata, Op. 110***; Piano
Quartet in Bb; *Piano Concerto no. 2*; *Piano Trio in Bb*
Brahms *Intermezzi*, *Rhapsody in B minor*; *Piano Concerto no. 2*; ***Piano Quartet in C Minor***
Chopin, *Mazurka*?; *Polonaises*
Dvořák: ***Piano Quartet in Eb*** (12 times)
Fibich: *Sonatina*
Janáček: *Concertino*; *Diary of One Who Vanished*; *Nursery Rhymes*, ***Piano Sonata***
Liszt: Petrarch, *Valse oubliée, Soiree de Vienna, no. 6*
Mendelssohn: *Songs Without Words*
Mozart: *Sonata in A Major*; *Piano Quartet in G Minor*, K.478, ***Adagio in B Minor***
Scarlatti *Sonatas* in B minor and A major
Schoenberg: *Op. 11*
Schubert: ***Trio in Bb*** (ten times)
Schumann: ***C Major Fantasy***
Smetana: *Na brehu morskem*
Suk: ***Životem a snem*** (*Of Life and Dreams*)
Krasa: ***Brundibar***
Verdi: ***Requiem***

If we begin by eliminating the chamber works and operas, and perhaps assume that Klein would play one of the pieces he had performed in Terezín, the repertoire narrows considerably: two works by Bach, the Beethoven *Piano Sonata no. 31, Op. 110*, the Janáček *Sonata*, Mozart's *Adagio*, Schumann's *C Major Fantasy*, and Suk's *Of Life and Dreams*.

How might each website's priorities suggest and answer? Would Klein have joined with his Terezín colleague, Viktor Ullmann, in continuing to revere German culture, and thus played a composition by a German whether or not that might seem ironic to us today? That possibility emerged more strongly on the basis of a follow-up interview I did with Milan Slavický about Klein's performance at Fürstengrube, a sub-camp of Auschwitz:

> That co-prisoner from Fürstengrube was Ing. Hanuš Schimmerling, who died rather many years ago. Eliška (Klein's sister) organized my meeting with him in the 1970´s when I worked on my first study and I mentioned him in my book as one of my sources.
>
> When exactly Klein was transported from Auschwitz, I don´t know, but I suppose, that neither Eliška nor Schimmerling knew it [either] (Eliška never met Gideon again after fall ´44 and Hanuš Schimmerling is unfortunately not here anymore to be asked). But I suppose it was soon after their transport to Auschwitz—after that famous selection at the ramp when the older and sick people (including Krása, Ullmann, Schaechter etc.) were sent inside and murdered; the same day and the younger and healthier (like Ančerl, [Karel] Berman, [Karel] Reiner, Gideon Klein and originally Haas too) were sent to the other side. It is to be supposed that the further transport [i.e. to Fürstengrube] happened rather soon—they were seen as working forces for the coal mines and probably moved there soon.
>
> As for the music Gido played there, Schimmerling was no music fan, and so he didn´t recognize the particular piece. As I remember, he said: "something like Beethoven or Bach or such serious music". It was he who told me that Gideon was probably supposed to have played some entertainment piece, and that such playing could possibly make his life at Fürstengrube a bit easier, but surely not change his final destiny.
>
> Horrible times, horrible thoughts...

Note the difference between what Slavický wrote in his book and what appears in the later testimony: yet another reminder of the randomness of what may, or may not, come down to the historian. Now, Slavicky remembers Schimmerling saying that somehow Klein was supposed

to play something light, and he pulls back almost entirely from the idea published in his book, that doing so could have saved Klein's life. Slavický was a reliable witness and moreover, a wonderful man of great integrity. Even so, the fragments that emerge from his two versions of the same story are surprisingly different. In his later account Bach and Beethoven are mentioned as the two most likely composers.

When I told the whole story of Klein's last concert to the harpsichordist Zuzana Ružíčková, who had also been a prisoner in Terezín and had taken some lessons with Klein, she made two points. She said that, in her view, Schimmerling's story described such an extreme situation that someone like Klein would never have considered, even for a moment, playing something to please the guards. Ružíčková was a famous Bach harpsichordist, one of the first, if not the first, to record the complete keyboard works of Bach. It will probably come as no surprise that she told me she was sure he played Bach!

While it would be unwise to place too much symbolic weight on the "o" in Czechoslovakia, we might consider that this "o" suggests all the minorities in the region who were neither Czech nor Slovak: Poles, Hungarians, Germans, Ruthenians, Jews, Ukrainians and Roma. Maybe it is time to "reinsert" the chamber pieces Klein performed in the camp into our musing about his final performance. Would a "Czechoslovak Klein" have played something like the slow movement of Schubert's *Piano Trio in Bb*, performed nine times in Terezín? Schubert, with his Czech family roots and cosmopolitan Hapsburg, polyglot intonations; another movement with an aching cello solo, albeit of a different character.

Did Klein, as did Martinů sometimes, identify as "Czechoslovak", or rather was he "in his heart", a "Czech", whatever we take that to mean? If so, he might have chosen one of Suk's exquisite piano pieces from *Things Lived and Dreamed*, which he had performed earlier in a recital—perhaps the passionate yet ephemeral Adagio that sits in the center of the cycle. Could it have been that level of abstraction and darkness that prodded Schimmerling to make the comment about Klein somehow displeasing the SS officer?

Someone steeped in the history and culture of Moravia might have concluded something quite different, that the piece Klein played as he sat there naked in Fürstengrube was Janáček's *Piano Sonata*. After all, this was a work of enormous defiance (the first movement is titled 'Revolt'),

specifically written almost forty years earlier to commemorate the murder of a worker demonstrating for a Czech language university in Brno, an apt metaphor for Klein's position! One could even take the imaginary journey further, and wonder if Klein might have played the opening bars of Janacek's *Capriccio* for Piano and Winds, itself subtitled, 'Defiance'. Or, following on from this, might Klein have played the last piece he himself composed, the opening of his variation movement, a darkened distortion of the original Kneždub tune? I am imagining that if Klein had simply played the folksong itself, *Schimmerling*, no matter what his musical experience, would have mentioned something about it.

It is difficult, if not impossible today, to separate Klein from his identity as a composer who worked in the camps, and died in them. The majority of Klein performances occur in the "ghetto" of so-called Holocaust concerts, which of course, raise their own knotty problems of reception. And to separate a "Jewish Klein" from all the other possible Kleins is to make a mockery of human complexity and nuance. And yet, might we imagine for a moment that, either as a gesture of real defiance, or simply out of love, Klein played his one profound Hebrew language arrangement, known by its Czech title *Ukolebavka* [Lullaby], but also by the Hebrew words, *Sh'chav beni* [Sleep my child]. Klein created the lullaby in 1943, and it uses a tune created in the Ukrainian city of Mikolaev around the turn of the century by a Hasidic *shochet* named Shalom Charitonov with a text added thirty years later by a poet named Emmanuel Harussi, who penned it in Mandatory Palestine. Klein took this substance, which actually has several parallel existences as both a folk song and a prayer, and turned it into a wrenching art song, as much about death as about sleep.[7] Was this the Jewish composition he snuck into Fürstengrube, a subcamp of Auschwitz, under the eyes (and ears) of the SS?

Of course, we will never know. And I have my regrets, because I am sure there was more that I could have learned. After all, when I came to study in Czechoslovakia in 1979, people took me to see synagogues and Jewish graveyards, but no one took me to Terezín or ever mentioned Gideon Klein and his fellow composer-prisoners. True, the Brno scholars mentioned Pavel Haas from time to time, but mostly to counter the suggestion that Janáček had no followers. In those days,

7 See Michael Beckerman and Naomi Tadmor, '"Lullaby": The Story of a Niggun', *Music & Politics*, 10.1 (Winter 2016), https://doi.org/10.3998/mp.9460447.0010.101

as is well known, the government tried to suppress the fate of Jews in the Holocaust in favor of what they termed 'anti-fascist suffering'. One had to be careful about working on Jewish topics. In fact, one of the first contacts I had with any Czech occurred in the kosher restaurant in the Prague Jewish town hall in 1977 when the woman serving dinner somehow figured out what I was doing in her country and whispered in my ear, as she sloshed the soup into my bowl, 'Don't let them forget Max Brod!' referring to the man without whom Janáček's international career never would have been possible. Certainly, at that time no one considered Klein's death "a loss for Czech music".

As part of my research on Klein, I traveled with a film crew directed by my friend Pavel Kolouch to Poland, first to visit Auschwitz, and then to search for its sub-camp, Fürstengrube. You see, Fürstengrube had been lost, or rather no one, even the director of the Auschwitz archive, could tell us exactly where it was. We criss-crossed the hilly and rocky area of the region, now sure we had found it, only to be disappointed. Finally, after a few hours, and with directions from someone on a bicycle, we spied a huge white cross, and there were the walls of Fürstengrube as they had appeared in a few photographs we had been given.

Fig. 47 Fürstengrube camp fence and watch tower (1963), © Auschwitz-Birkenau State Museum, https://www.auschwitz.org/en/history/auschwitz-sub-camps/frstengrube/.

We know that Klein was interned here, although we cannot know for a fact whether his piano concert took place here or in Auschwitz. And we do not even know exactly how he died. However, there is ample evidence that Klein experienced at least a few hours of freedom, after the camp was liberated by the Red Army. Tragically, survivors have told us that, some time later, a group of SS returned, shot many of the prisoners, and took the rest on what has been described as a death march. It is not known whether Klein was killed by the returning guards or on the march. No one remembers seeing him.

In the end we are faced with many unanswerable questions. In almost every case—whether we are dealing with performance, historical events, human psychology, or our own perception of sound, idea, or image—the few factoids we can muster cover even Klein's entirely too short life like a washcloth covers a whale, and this extends to all our investigations.

The composer, performer, and audience are engaged in a great dance. The composer creates, and while they cannot determine meaning, or even necessarily know what it will be, they give the performer instructions for how to render the work. The performer makes decisions about how those instructions are to be conveyed. And the audience, the listeners, whether those naked men in the camp, the audience in Terezín being filmed by the Nazis, or we, today, react on the basis of that execution, but also on the basis of what we think we know. And then, naturally, we may ask: what was that about? What happened there? Why did I hear a familiar folksong, and why is it there? Is there any way that the cello solo interacts with the way I configure the world? There is no right way to listen to the Klein's *Trio*, and even if we thought there was, it is unlikely we could manage it, because in performance we are always seduced away from thought into another state of being.

The two descriptions I have offered of Klein's last concert leave us to imagine how, in such an awful, fraught environment, the "audience" reacted. From what we gather, Schimmerling reacted with some surprise, actually expecting Klein to play a pop tune or something of that sort. Were other prisoners, also standing naked in that room, deeply moved by what might have been their last chance to ever hear such a performance? Or were they too stunned and traumatized to hear the sounds as anything but disjointed and meaningless? The camps are a

horrible place to end a chapter and a book, but it was one more place where responses to music and art were wildly different, with some describing poetry as life-saving, and others as words without any sense to them. And this differentiation matters, because the intended goal of the lords of Terezín, Auschwitz and other such places, was to turn the prisoners into essentially the same thing by wiping out their physical and psychological identities. But Klein's last concert suggests that, despite all their efforts, they could not do this, that even desperate men standing naked with a SS guard had their intensely personal experiences with music.

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Postlude: The Doctrine of One in Our Time

As it was in the beginning, is now, and forever shall be, it comes down again to lumpers and splitters, the individual and the community. While at first glance, the Doctrine of One might seem to valorize the individual by allowing each person to have the right to claim some aspect of an artwork for themselves, in fact I will argue here, at the very end, that the Doctrine is a hedge against fascism. Why? Because the individual under its influence refuses to be led, refuses to accept things without thinking them through, and rejects all manner of bullying, aesthetic and otherwise. Of course, nothing is simple: anything can be abused. One could argue that the Doctrine could function as something like the current rejection of "science". For example, *you* say that what makes Bach exceptional is his contrapuntal skill but I'm focused on the way the trumpet in his *Brandenburg Concerto no. 2* shows off by playing an established passage with a difference and a flourish. You say Schoenberg must be understood in terms of his intellectual formulations, I just think he wrote some really pretty stuff.

By encouraging resistance rather than compliance, and some delicate balance between trusting oneself and trusting the opinions of others, by listening to a world of opinions, but insisting on our right to our own, by tempering action with reflection, and reflection with action we form an opposition to conspiracies, power grabs, and flipping the script.

Some will insist that a social justice approach to sound is the only way forward. Others, myself included, argue that there is also value in abstraction. A treasured colleague of mine once proclaimed that 'all music is political'. Leaving aside the vast swaths of often conflicting meanings the word "political" can represent, I ended up wondering whether the following questions might be better: is some music always

political? Can all music sometimes be political? Can music be political and not-political at the same time? And to this we might append, Is some music always abstract? Can all music sometimes be abstract? Can music be abstract and not abstract at the same time? That no one can answer all these questions, and that no group can really agree might caution us about making grand statements about what music is or is not.

Concluding Thoughts on Lumping, Splitting, Singularities and a Theory of Theories

Nothing has to happen when we watch a film or an opera. As we noted at the beginning, viewers can choose to look at sets and costumes, focus on camera technique, or study the way a particular actor moves on screen. Those interested in film sound can think about recording technique or the "purely sonic" value of the soundtrack itself. And it is not for anyone to mandate the "correct way" to view a film. But we also accept that most film criticism accepts some notion of "normal" viewing, where one is meant to be under the sway of the many illusions that comprise the spectacle, and become immersed in the combined effect of image, sound, plot and character rather than separating any of its component parts.

I have earlier called what happens at such moments a fused image, and in that context it makes little sense to talk about "the music" or "the image" or "the plot" as distinct things. All these potentially separate elements—and there are of course more than just the ones I've mentioned—become part of a single experience, singular and indivisible. An analysis which breaks such things into parts becomes a kind of Humpty Dumpty syndrome, in which, despite our best efforts, we can never put "Humpty together again".

In order to try to make this clearer, it is necessary to consider, gently, the problem of theories in the arts. Theories work by creating sets out of things that are argued to belong together even though they are not identical. To fit such things into a theory, some part of them has to be lopped off for the sake of convenience. Or, to put it another way, the consumer of theory as a cultural product (irony noted) should at the very least understand the difference between theories and reality, and be willing to challenge the theory by reinserting the missing singularity. And of course, this is important, because it could be that the seemingly

insignificant thing that is lopped off, is in fact the very "wild edge" which makes the thing what it is, and without it, it is not the thing. On that basis, one would have to argue that even though we can theorize the idea of singularities, they are themselves untheorizable—because you need more than one of something to have a theory. If that seems extreme, or even silly, we might tone it down a bit to suggest that ideas around singularity are useful to caution us about treating our theories as facts, and to remind us that everything can be both together and entirely separate at the same time.

The Chimera of the "Normal Response"

As noted at the outset, we may conclude by recognizing both that there is such a thing as "normal", and that it is an illusion. Many discussions about the arts rest on a tacit assumption that there is something like a normal response to films, paintings, music, or writing—a response similar enough across individuals, to allow us to generalize about it. Throughout, I have proposed instead that we are a collection of unique individuals with radically different interests, perceptions, and responses. While any of these responses may fall under the gravitational sway of some purported "pure" perception, the reality is that each person also has "their own" response which, along with many other things, helps them to begin to understand who they really are.

Index

abstract music xxiv, 63, 81, 108
aesthetic authority xxi
  critique of 107
  pedagogical uses of xvii
aesthetic judgement xix
Ančerl, Karel 21–22, 100
antisemitism 34, 45
art xxiii, 38, 42–43, 58, 75, 78, 95, 102
  autobiographical interpretation xxiii, 10, 93, 95
  ethical judgement of artists xxii, 17, 37
  individual responses to xvii, xix, xx, xxii, xxiii, xxvi, 23, 42–43, 45, 75, 78, 95, 105, 107
  meaning and reception xvii, xix, xx, 23
art education xx, 98
  respect for individual response xx
artistic intention 82, 96
  limits of knowledge about xix, 34
arts education. *See* education
audience
  individual experience 105
audiences xx, xxvi, 78, 80–81, 84, 91, 104
  collective response xxv, xxvi, xxvii, 96
  individual experience 13, 95
  normal response xxv, xxvi
  singular audiences xxvi, 13, 78
Auschwitz xxi, 42, 87, 103
  deportation of Pavel Haas 8
  Gideon Klein at xxiv, xxv, 92, 97, 100, 102, 104–105
autobiography xxiii
  in film 10
  in instrumental music xxiii, xxiv, 93, 95
  limits of evidence 93, 95

Bach, Johann Sebastian xviii, xix, 42–43, 54, 65, 99–101, 107
Beckerman 51–54, 61, 70–71, 73, 87, 102
  death and musical memory xxiii, 48–50, 54–55, 71
  Schubert's *Quintet in C* xxiii, 47–49, 51, 53–60, 63–65, 68–71
Beckerman, Bernard viii, xxiii, 25, 36, 47, 49, 51–53, 55, 57–58, 60, 62, 67, 69–71
Beckerman, Gloria viii, 55, 57, 60–62, 71
Beckerman, Jim 25
Beckerman, Morris xxiii, 48–53, 58–60, 67, 69–71
Beethoven, Ludwig van 34, 38, 48, 57–58, 65, 67–68, 83, 99–101
  Ninth Symphony 34, 38, 68, 83
Berlin xxvii, 43
  Caspar David Friedrich xxvi
Born to Be Loved xxi, 17, 19
  Pavel Haas references xxi, 17
Born to Be Loved. *See also Fata Morgana*
Brahms, Johannes 48, 66–67, 99
Brno vii, xxv, 3, 40, 102
  Haas family 13, 102
  Janáček Theatre xxv
  National Theatre xxv
Byrns, Harold 9

Campbell, Patton xxvii
cancel culture xxii, 35, 37
  duration of condemnation xxii, 37
  Josef Váchal xxii, 35, 37, 45–46
Čápek, Karel xxv, xxvi, 8–9
  Makropulos Affair. The xxv
  RUR 9
  White Disease, The 8, 22
censorship 21, 35, 37, 103

Nazism and 87
Chopin, Frédéric 6, 99
Funeral March 6
Clynes, Manfred xxiii, 64–65
sentograph xxiii, 64–65
Columbia University vii, xvii, 47, 53–54
concentration camps xxiv, 9, 93–94, 97–98, 103–104. *See also* Auschwitz; Dachau; Terezín ghetto; Fürstengrube
art and music in xxiv, xxv, 7, 21, 87, 92–96, 98, 100–102, 104–105
death marches 104
individual identity in 105
Congo, Democratic Republic of the xviii
Czechoslovakia viii, xxii, xxv, 3, 9, 23, 26, 31–32, 34–35, 38–39, 67, 69, 81, 92, 98–99, 101–103. *See also* Haas family
film and theatre xx, xxi, xxv, 8
Nazi occupation of 8, 98

Dachau 25, 58
Dvořák, Antonín viii, xxiv, 39, 48, 59–60, 68, 70, 73–85, 90, 97, 99
Cello Concerto xxiv, 59, 73–76, 78, 81, 84, 90
Cypresses, The xxiv, 79
'Lasst mich allein' xxiv, 76, 78–79, 82
New World Symphony 75, 80–81, 84

education
authority and coercion in xx
exile 8
Hugo Haas 23

fascism 45, 103, 107. *See also* Nazism
resistance to 107
Fata Morgana xxi, 17–19
film xx, xxi, 1, 8–9, 11, 14, 16–21, 61–62, 66–67, 69, 103, 108
autobiographical references xx, xxi, xxiv, 2, 10, 13–14, 16–17, 19–20, 81
B-movies xx, 1
fused image 62–63, 65, 108
music in xxi, 9, 21–22, 63, 66, 108
normal viewing 108–109
trauma and memorialisation xx, xxi, 13, 19–21, 23
film noir 1–2, 20, 97
concealment and trauma 20, 23
Friedrich, Caspar David xxvi
Fürstengrube 97, 100–103

Gerron, Kurt 21–22
Terezín propaganda film 8, 21
Girl on the Bridge, The. *See* Haas, Hugo

Haas, Hugo vii, xx, xxi, 1, 9, 11–17, 19–23, 78. *See also Born to Be Loved*
American films 2, 9–11, 13–17, 19–20
as actor and director 1–2, 9–11, 13–17, 19–20
asthma and trauma 9
exile 23
film company xxi, 1
Girl on the Bridge, The 10–12, 90, 94
Hit and Run 19–20
Other Woman, The 16
Pavel Haas, memory of. *See* film, trauma and memorialisation
Pickup 1–2, 9, 78
Strange Fascination xxi, 13–15
Haas, Otto 9
Haas, Pavel vii, xx, xxi, xxiv, 2–10, 12–23, 42, 78, 81, 90, 93–94, 97. *See also Fata Morgana*; Terezín ghetto
Al S'fod 7–8
Charlatan, The 22–23
deportation and death 97, 100
Four Songs on Chinese Poetry 6, 8
Hugo Haas's memorials to. *See* film, trauma and memorialisation
Janáček, studies with xx, 4–5, 102
Moravian folk music 93
song cycle xxi, 18. *See also Fata Morgana*
String Quartet No. 2 (*From the Monkey Mountains*) 3–4, 22

Study for Strings 8, 21, 23, 93
Habsburg Empire 68
music and cultural identity 68
Hain, Milan vii, 9
Hit and Run. *See* Haas, Hugo
Horst Wessel Song 6
instrumental music. *See also* Dvořák, Antonín
autobiographical interpretation xxiii, xxiv
narrative and xxiii

Janáček, Leoš vi, xx, xxv, xxvii, 4–6, 8, 70, 99–103. *See also Makropulos Affair, The*
Diary of One Who Vanished 6, 99
Pavel Haas as student. *See* Haas, Pavel, Janáček, studies with
Piano Sonata vi, 99–101
recording of folk songs xxii, 5, 93
Jews 31, 33–34, 39–40, 42, 58, 68, 98–99, 101–103
Czech cultural life 98–99
Holocaust persecution 21

Kimbanguist Symphony Orchestra xviii
Klein, Eliška 88, 92–93, 100
Klein, Gideon vii, xxiv, 22, 78, 87–88, 91–104. *See also* Fürstengrube; Terezín ghetto
death xxv, 95, 98, 100, 102–104
last concert xxv, 97–102, 104–105
Moravian folk song 22, 88, 93, 98–99
Trio for Violin, Viola and Cello xxiv, 22, 87–88, 90–95, 97, 104
Kodytek, Pavel 93–94

liberation 25, 58
Red Army 104
listening xxiii, xxiv, xxv, xxvi, 1, 10, 48–49, 58–60, 64, 66, 68–71, 77, 81, 85, 95–96, 104, 107
background knowledge and xxiv
historical knowledge and 95
individuality of xxiii, xxv, 70, 105
transformative interpretation 46

Makropolus Affair, The xxv, xxvii
Marvan, Paul 14–15
Pavel Haas as model for xxi, 13, 15
Masaryk, Jan 15
memory viii, 55, 58, 70. *See also* Beckerman, death and musical memory
family history 49, 55, 60
film as memorial 20. *See also* Haas, Hugo, Pavel Haas, memory of
music and 49, 54, 64
unreliability of 49, 58
Moravia xxi, 3–5, 13, 22, 40, 68, 88, 93, 98–99, 101
Monkey Mountains 1, 3–5, 22, 90
Moravian Highlands 3
Mozart, Wolfgang Amadeus xvii, 38, 65, 68, 99–100
aesthetic authority experiment xvii
The Magic Flute 38
music education. *See* education

Nazism xxii, xxv, 6, 8, 10, 25, 31, 34, 37, 39, 42, 98, 101–102, 104–105
Josef Váchal and xxii, 9, 25, 34–35, 37, 97
Pavel Haas and 6
propaganda film. *See* Terezín ghetto, performance and propaganda
symbols and imagery 25, 31, 34, 38–40, 42
New World Symphony. *See* Dvořák, Antonín
New York City xxvii, 8–9, 43–45, 67, 73–74, 77, 80–81

Other Woman, The. *See* Haas, Hugo

Palacký University vii
particularism xix
Pečený, Karel 21–22
Terezín propaganda film. *See* Terezín ghetto, performance and propaganda
Peduzzi, Lubomír 3, 5–6, 22, 93

perception viii, 45, 97, 109
  individual variation 104, 109
performance xix, xxv, xxvii, 22, 33, 73, 77, 79, 92, 101, 104
  composer, performer and audience xix, xxiii, xxv, xxvi, xxvii, 8, 21–22, 53–55, 73, 77, 80, 95, 100–101, 104–105
  historical circumstances xxv, 8, 21–22, 53, 55, 80, 92–93, 95, 99–102, 105
  individual response xxvi, 54, 95, 104–105
Pickup. *See* Haas, Hugo
Podešvová, Maria 6
politics xix, xxii, 22, 37, 69, 107–108. *See also* fascism
  abstraction and music 107–108
  art and 38, 92, 108
Prague viii, 4, 7, 9, 13, 31, 87, 93, 98, 103
Procházka, František
  Josef Váchal bookplate 29

Rakušanová, Marie vii, 26–27, 31
Reynolds, Christopher xxvi
Ružíčková, Zuzana
  and Gideon Klein 88, 101

Salieri, Antonio xvii
Schimmerling, Hans 100–102, 104
Schubert, Franz xxiii, 47–49, 51, 53–60, 63–65, 68–71, 90, 97, 99, 101
  Quintet in C xxiii, 48–49, 54, 56–59, 68–69, 71
  Trout Quintet xxiii, 47, 60, 62–64, 67, 69, 71
Semecká, Irma 88, 93–94
sentograph. *See* Clynes, Manfred
Slavický, Milan 97, 100
  biography of Gideon Klein 98, 100–101
social justice
  music and 107
SS. *See* Nazism
Stone, Jesse 66
Strange Fascination. *See* Haas, Hugo
Suk, Josef xxiv, 79, 81, 85, 99–101
survivor guilt 9

Terezín ghetto xxiv, 6–8, 21–23, 42, 87–94, 97–102, 104–105
  propaganda and performance 8, 21, 87, 104
Theresienstadt. *See* Terezín ghetto
Trio for Violin, Viola and Cello. *See* Klein, Gideon

United States 14, 36, 96
  Hugo Haas's exile 8, 23

Váchal, Josef vii, xxii, 25–35, 37–42, 45–46, 97. *See also* cancel culture
  bookplates xxii, 28, 30, 32, 40
  Nazi imagery. *See* Nazism, symbols and imagery
  Portmoneum vii, 27–28
  woodcuts 26, 35
Vogler, Jan 73, 76–77, 91, 95
  Dvořák's Cello Concerto 73

words xxvi, 10, 48, 56, 62, 70, 74–75, 81, 88, 91–92, 98–99, 102, 105, 107
  authority and limits of xvii, xxi
World War II 9. *See also* Nazism

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This book was peer-reviewed by Rob Haskins, University of New Hampshire, and an anonymous referee. Experts in their field, these readers give their time freely to help ensure the academic rigour of our books. We are grateful for their generous and invaluable contributions.

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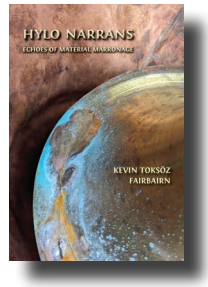

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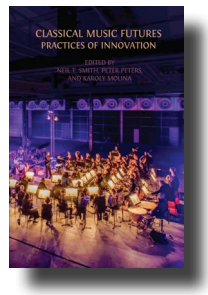

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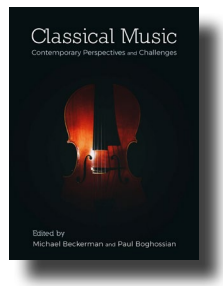

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The Doctrine of One
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Michael Beckerman

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